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WREATH
OF
RHYME.

600077226U

"I would," Musella sighed, "poor Seth was here;
Romantic grandeur would his spirits cheer."

Page 116.

280. f. 275.

A Wreath of Rhyme.

BY MATTHEW HARMAN,

Author of "Poetic Buds," "Wayside Blossoms" &c.

"Buds" and "Blossoms" form my wreath—
Carless hardy untrained flowers;
Daisies, harebells, sprays of heath,
Wildlings from the furzy bowers.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

SCARBOROUGH:

JAMES AINSWORTH, QUEEN STREET.

DRIFFIELD: T. HOLDERNESS.

1871.

280. f. 275.

THIS BOOK IS, BY NOBODY'S PERMISSION,

DEDICATED TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS OLD SCABDEBURG,

THE UNRIVALLED

QUEEN OF ALL WATERING-TOWNS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM,

WHOSE PROSPERITY IS

THE SINCERE DESIRE OF HER'S HUMBLY

THE AUTHOR.

Preface.

"Life is made up of trifles," and every rational child born into the world possesses some peculiar gift or talent which, if discreetly used, may benefit his fellow-mortals, and show to posterity the owner's

'Footprints on the sands of time."

This is my only plea for adding another trifle to the literary world, and here I may remark that my books have had a fair share of patronage, considering the author's position in life and the many beautiful poetical effusions daily issuing from the press. To those who would be critical I would say, "Be lenient!—the author was a fisher boy, born to toil: he has passed through many phases in life, carefully fanning the small spark of genius which has ever glowed within him."

Well, if life is made up of trifles this book is another trifle added to the stock; and my patrons have shown a generous spirit in their effort to drag a lowly poet from the shades of obscurity, though, doubtless, my works are of little value. That this "Wreath of Rhyme" may, at least, afford my readers some little amusement is the sincere desire of

THE AUTHOR.

Trafalgar Street, West,
Scarborough, August 12th, 1870.

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Introductory Lines.

I fancied, in my boyish days,
A merry tuneful chime,
And set myself the pleasing task
To make a wreath of rhyme.

The task gave vigour to my soul—
For me the muse had charms—
Castalia's fountain yielded bliss,
And shielded me from harms.

For why? It stayed my restless mind—
A bird upon the wing.
I, thirsty, drank: the nectar bright
Inspired my soul to sing.

And as I sang some lent an ear—
My efforts were not vain:
The people listened with a smile;
I strove to mend my strain.

I sought the shade, my soul waxed warm,
The water made me dream,
And gave such pleasure day and night
I never left the stream.

At last I thought, "'By hook or crook'
This bard must find a way
To give the world another book:"
'Tis here! who'd read it may.

To my Harp.

And must I resign thee, my treasured harp? no!
Thou wert with me in childhood, when none lent an ear;
And still thou art with me, wherever I go,
A solace in sorrow, my spirit to cheer.

In boyhood I left thee, sweet Isle* of my birth,
When friends had forsaken and foes on me frowned;
I took thee, my harp, my companion of earth;
A stranger I tuned thee upon a bleak ground.

A poor homeless wandering minstrel I sped,
Through sunshine and shower, on life's rugged way;
Till friends gathered round, by thy wild thrilling led;
Approvingly smiled as I chanted each lay.

"Sing, sing, stranger sing! There's a chord in thy strain
Of soul-stirring music; that none will deny:
We 've heard thy wild harp, and would hear it again;"
Thus they bade me to sing, and with joy I comply.

* The Isle of Thanet, in the County of Kent, where the Author was born, at Ramsgate, October 26th, 1822.

Musella:

THE WANDERING FISHER BOY;

A TALE.

I knew him well, a merry-hearted boy,
Blithe as a bird, his eyes beamed bright with joy;
And all who knew him in his sunny Isle
Caressed the rosy prattler with a smile;
And told a tale--alas! too often told—
How a young mother in her grave lay cold:
And how a Bacchanalian left his home,
A mariner, on foreign seas to roam;
Unmindful of the marriage vow he'd made,
And how a flower was left to droop and fade.
"God help thee, child!" some thoughtful sire would say
"Life to the friendless is a rugged way.
Who will console thee, or thy mind prepare
To battle with the coming storms of care;
Or keep thee from false pleasure's tempting charms,
When youth aspiring, headstrong, fears no harms;
When will o'er reason holds tyrannic sway,
And folly tempts the mind from virtue's way?"
Years sped along, and when he older grew
He bade his flowery Isle a sad adieu.
A gentle mother, broken in her bloom,
Lay with her kindred in the silent tomb.
A father, heedless of his children's fare,
A spendthrift, left them to the world's cold care.
Though young, Musella felt his sorrows keen,
With no parental prop whereon to lean;
No mother's voice, sweet counsel to impart;
Nor sire, to nerve with fortitude his heart:

Oft he would seek the shade, his lot bemoan,
And sing his doleful song, alone, alone!
Half envious, he would watch some mother fair
Twine the bright ringlets of her darling's hair;
Or bathe with tears his brow, by pain opprest;
Kiss his flushed cheek, and fold him to her breast.
A mother's loss, alas! some know too well;
But none like those who've felt can truly tell—
Those who in dreamy childhood roamed the earth
Alone, bereft of her who gave them birth.
Thus he from childhood into boyhood grew;
No choice had he what calling to pursue.
"His sire and grandsire sailed the briny sea,"
Thus spoke his callous guardians, "why not he?
Though small, to live all creatures must be fed;
And all who eat should earn their daily bread.
Since she who bore him sleeps in the dark grave
The boy shall go and be a sailor brave!
But ere the urchin does this paper soil
With his base scrawl, we'll send him out to toil;
And if such qualities in him are found
As suits the applicant, he shall be bound—
Apprenticed by the law, that all may know
He signed the deed, we forced him not to go."
The deed was thus prepared, by them designed,
But by the wanderer was never signed.
With lightsome heart he left his dreary home
A fisher-boy upon the deep to roam.
He had strange notions of the fishing crew,
And watched their motions; all to him was new.
He, nervous, trembles as the captain, stern,
Commands the crew, "All hands upon deck turn;
Cast off the moorings; set and trim each sail;
Too long we've waited for a fav'ring gale!"
The lusty crew obey the captain's call,
And from the harbour soon the vessel haul.

He takes the helm; the fresh'ning breeze she feels;
The gallant vessel to its pressure heels:
An uncaged bird, she moves on joyous wing,
All trem'lous motion, like a living thing,
She dances on till in the distant view
The land, receding, is a streak of blue;
Fast fading as Musella's aching eyes
Gaze, tear-dimmed, on it till the last tint dies.
And as it fades he sighs; a piteous moan
Comes from his heart; 'twould pierce a heart of stone.
The captain, stern, beholds the falling tear,
And cries "The boy is home-sick! Sir, come here:
You chicken-hearted monkey, list to me;
Your home henceforth is on the rolling sea.
You're not alone—upon it myriads dwell;
Learn then, a tar, to do your duty well!
Your duty, boy's, the trawl-warp down to coil,
To light and tend the fire, the kettle boil,
The cabin scrub, the fish to clean and fry,
And on the binnacle to keep an eye.
The steersman needs a candle when 'tis dark,
And oft 'tis wasted by a thievish spark.
Then last, remember boy, 'tis once for all,
Be ever ready to obey my call!
For if by non-compliance you offend
You see this rope—your back shall feel its end!
But since raw boys—young monkeys of your kind—
When first on sea to sickness are inclined,
That you your sea-brain sooner may obtain,
Here, from my brandy bottle take a drain!
What! qualmish booby! dare you answer 'No?'
Here, drink again! now, off you go below,
And tumble into bed; stay for the night,
Sleep, and tomorrow you will be all right.
And when I call, out from your cabin spring,
Mend up the fire and make the kettle sing;

And Alf, the deck-boy, yielding to my wish,
Will show you how to clean and fry the fish!"
With brandy fuddled, and a sea-sick head
Musella sought below his cradle bed.
Rocked to and fro he heard the merry throng
Of water-spirits tapping all night long
Against the vessel's side, near where he lay.
As she triumphant bounded on her way,
A strange mysterious creak, at every dive,
Oft made him think the bed and ship alive.
He slept, and in his frenzied dream he saw
A scene which filled his troubled soul with awe—
Before his eyes a red-winged monster, grim,
Flew o'er a desert with a boy—'twas him.
In vain he struggled; as he strove to shout
A voice on deck cried "Call the youngster out:"
And, in an instant, legs and arms he flew
Into the cabin floor, among the crew.
One, laughing, cried "At least the youngster's quick;
I never saw one do a tidier trick."
"Now, take this kettle boy, upon deck go,
And you will see the puffing grampus blow."
"But while you gaze," another, laughing, roared,
"You must not throw the kettle overboard."
Musella, smiling, buckled to his trade,
And to the deck the grimy pot conveyed.
The morn was fair; the wind had gone to sleep;
Smooth as a mirror was the glassy deep:
And many vessels, motionless, lay round;
The smack "Gorilla's" on the fishing ground.
Up from the ocean, robed in glorious light,
The sun in majesty is rising bright;
While on the water, glowing in its beams,
The snowy sea-gull sails, or, flying, screams.
The captain, restless, pacing to and fro,
Gives a shrill whistle, crying "Blow, winds, blow!"

Then to Musella cries "You've brought your dish;
You silly booby, we have caught no fish:
Bad luck is in you; quick, sir, off you go,
And fetch the chop-sticks from the till below."
Musella brought and laid them at his feet;
The captain baits them with a scrap of meat,
Then throws them in the sea; the reel spins round
Till at the bottom they have felt the ground.
He cries, while holding by the thrilling cord,
Who told you, boy, to throw them overboard?"
Musella eyed him, but would not make free;
"Well," said the captain, "you can say 'twas me:"
But, as he puffed his pipe, he felt a click,
And cried "Here boy, reel in the line, be quick!"
Up from the bottom came the iron rod,
And on its baited hook a fine young cod.
Here, Alf," the captain cried, "assistance lend,
And give instruction to your humble friend:
He wants to learn the way, well known to you,
A cod to clean, and make a tasty stew."
The lads together soon the feast prepare;
For them is left sufficient and to spare.
The breakfast finished all is cleared away,
Tins, platters, washed and set in grand array.
The crew upon deck hasten, to make room,
And soon the cabin feels the mop and broom.
The boys set all in order down below,
The men on deck smoke, walking to and fro.
They overhaul the net, and tell strange tales
How yon smack blunders or how this one sails.
Alf and Musella quite familiar grow;
They laugh and chatter as they work below.
Alf tells him all the dangers he has seen,
And in what troubles he, on board, has been:
How he can steer, and reef, and smoke, and sing;
And how expertly he the lead can swing.

And as they chatter on, tale after tale,
The vessel gently heels, flap goes the sail.
The captain takes the helm; cries "Great and small,
All hands on deck, we'll shoot away the trawl.
Come up, you ragamuffins, tend the gear,
And see the bridles and the warp all clear."
All hurry scurry, now the work begins;
One cries "Look sharp," another "Mind my shins."
Off goes the beam; the clutt'ring trawl-warp runs
Along the deck, and makes a noise like guns.
"Hold!" cries the skipper, "she must have no more:
The mark! seize on the stopper as before!"
The breeze still freshens—sings a merry song;
The vessel, groaning, drags the trawl along.
The watch is set; the men now go below;
Turn in, and leave her with the tide to tow.
The boys, left to themselves, are wide awake;
Prepare the dinner, a sea-pudding make,
Of large dimensions, suitably designed,
To stay the cravings of a pudding mind.
The patient vessel long her course has run;
"Up!" cries a voice, "heave in; the tide is done."
All hands upon deck speedily appear;
Each takes his post, and soon they get the gear.
The bag * is opened, out they tumble all;
A scaly ficking host upon deck fall.
Soles, turbots, brills, are dancing on the deck,
Fish with long tails and prods upon their back.†
Here a huge wide-mouthed ugly sea-toad sprawls,
And there a crab, with claws wide open, crawls.
Sea-weeds and urchins form a viewly bed;
Whelks, clams, and oysters, round about are spread.
And many beauteous shells neglected lie:
These last attract Musella's curious eye.
He runs to pick them up, but at the call
Of the stern captain, down again they fall.

* The trawl-bag. † The thornback.

He calls again, the boy looks up with fear,
And sees him with a rope-end standing near.
He cries "What are you doing?" With alarm
Musella answers "Sir, I hope, no harm:
I'm gathering shells." He cried "Well, if you wish,
You take the shells, boy, we will take the fish!"
The net is overhauled, and soon again
The trawl is at the bottom of the main.
The fish is ready for the market made,
In prime condition to supply the trade.
Brills, soles, and turbots, all the prime and best
Are sent, and Johnny Frenchman buys the rest.
'Tis break of day; and, sailing round and round,
Among the fleet, upon the fishing ground,
A smack is seen; aloft a birgee red
Is gaily flaunting at her topmast head.
She's for the market; all who will, today,
Must quickly board, and send their fish away.
One vessel from the fleet each morn is planned
To take a cargo of fresh fish to land.
She's off,—the net is hauled and shot away;
The fish is washed and padded* for each day.
And now the gabbling Frenchmen, from Boulogne,
With their red night-caps come, a jovial throng.
They come to buy the thornbacks, plaice, and dabs,
And any offal, such as rays and crabs.
They shrug their shoulders as they wink their eyes;
One views the fish, then shakes his head and sighs.
Another, shuffling in wood shoes, has got
A brandy bottle; gives them each a tot.
Well charged with spirit, now the sale begins,
And soon 'tis finished, as the buyer grins.
He pays the money, jumps into his boat,
Which all who see might think a shop afloat.
All kinds of merchandise is there displayed—
Eggs, butter, bread, and breeks to suit the trade,

* Put into baskets.

Tobacco, tea, potatoes, brandy, plates;
These are exchanged for thornbacks, rays, and skates.
The fish is quickly from the vessel thrown
Into the boat, and Johnny boards his own.
"Here," cries the captain, "boys, take these below,
And mind, be careful how the eggs you stow;
For if they once get way and roll about
You 'll very soon have all the chickens out!"
With smiling faces they his voice obey,
And quickly to the cabin all convey.
Alf cries "Be steady when you reach the hole,
Who breaks a bottle they 'll skin like a sole."
The goods below are safely stowed away;
All live on luxuries day after day.
While there is grog on board there 's bonny game;
Sundays and Mondays here are much the same.
The month and voyage nearly at an end,
They 've only three days on the ground to spend.
Fresh water in the casks is growing stale;
On board the stock of coal begins to fail.
Home is the constant theme from morn till night—
The crew and captain are now home-sick quite.
At length arrives the day; with flowing sheet
The smack Gorilla 's running from the fleet.
"Look out ahead for land" the captain cries,
As, like a bird, the gallant vessel flies.
The boys excited, forward, chatter grand,
Commenting as the vessel nears the land.
Musella cries "Alf, how she cuts it through!"
"Yes," Alf replies, "lad, like a Dutchman's shoe!"*
The harbour 's gained, excisemen come on board;
They search in vain, and soon the vessel 's moored.
The fish sent off for sale, the deck wash'd down,
Now with their bags the crew march off to town:
But ere the captain leaves he tells the lads
To come at morn, and take on board the pads.†

* A hollow block or wooden shoe. † Baskets.

"Fill all your water-casks; your locker-holes,
Remember, must all be well crammed with coals.
You boys, tonight, will have to sleep on board;
Perhaps some other time we may afford
To let you go on shore at nights to sleep,
But for the present you on board must keep.
I'll send the baker and the butcher soon:
The groceries will come tomorrow noon.
And now, remember not to leave the smack
But for these purposes, till I come back.
We shall not very long in harbour stay;
Get all the stores on board without delay."
Thus saying, nimbly off the skipper trots,
And leaves the laddies busy washing pots.
Left to themselves the boys have glorious fun,
But yet are mindful all the work is done.
They do it merrily, in their own way,—
The cat is absent and the mice will play.
'Tis Sabbath now, a lovely day in Spring;
The bells melodious in the steeples ring.
In grand attire the people throng the pier,
From morn till eve its wall is never clear.
Alf's ta'en French leave, and gone into the town,
With comrades blithe to wander up and down.
No voice was there on board to say him nay,
And poor Musella's left alone to stay.
A bird caged in his mud-bound smack below,
He views the people as they come and go.
A lady stops; cries "What's this lying here?"
Her spouse replies "A fishing-smack, my dear."
She views Musella; says "'Tis strange to me
A little boy like that should go to sea."
The gent replies "The friendless have to roam;
Perhaps that fishing-boat is all his home."
"I'll ask him," cries the lady, "Little boy,
Is that your home? where is your mother, joy?"

"I have no mother, ma'am," the boy replied:
"Then where's your father?" "Ma'am my father flied."
"And so, my little boy, your home's the sea?"
"Yes, ma'am; I cook the fish and make the tea."
She, smiling, said "How very sad, my dear!"
And arm in arm they wandered from the pier.

The sun is setting bright; his glorious rays
Stream through the feath'ry clouds, a crimson blaze.
Musella watches till the shades of night
Shut every passing object from his sight.
He goes below, and utters, with a tear,
"Alf is too bad to leave me lonely here.
He promised quickly to return again;
For him I've looked for hours, but looked in vain.
The vessel's been afloat, is hard aground,
Fast ebbs the tide, there's naught but mud around.
All day I've been alone,—must be all night:
If master knew!" A voice cried out "All right!"
Musella quickly from the cabin flew;
A gas-lamp on the pier showed, full in view,
A boy upon the mud, close by the smack;
Nay, there were two,—one with Alf on his back.
He, with sea-boots, knee-deep, plunged to and fro,
While Alf cried "Steady Jack! mind how you go!"
Jack floundered on; at last he gave a lurch;
Alf shouted "Oh!" and tumbled from his perch.
One scrambled to the smack, one to the shore;
Jack cried "Good night! we'll play this game no more!"

The tide returning floats the smack again;
The boys below some hours have sleeping lain:
At length they're startled by a sudden thump;
Alf cries "The boat!" both from the cabin jump.
The crew have come; one down the ladder throws
His bag and boots, upon Musella's nose.
The work begins—the vessel they unmoor;
With outspread wings she's flying from the shore.

In lieu of one man's come old Father Will;
To poor Musella he's a bitter pill.
The boys to harass seems his chief delight;
They try to please but can do nothing right.
"Now, lads," he cries, "you've got a whipper-in;
I have the watch, we'll now the drill begin.
You've doubtless heard of Father Will before;
He's known by many a lad on sea and shore.
Here, grandpapa, just fill and light my pipe,
Then give the compass-glass a tidy wipe.
Now, creeping Daddy, with Old Hundred go,
And coil the moorings snugly down below;
Then fore and aft the vessel, clear the wreck,
And wash the baskets clean, then scrub the deck.
Alf, get your bucket; Muse, your besom take;
You must not sleep while Father Will's awake."
Alf whispered to Musella "We'll be square!
If we've no sleep he won't have much to spare.
I know him well, and so do all the boys;
He's suffered sorely for his spleen and noise.
The crabbed old Cuckoo, if he sails with me,
And plays such games, he'll get queer stuff for tea!
In lieu of him we'd better had Old Nick;
The game's begun—I'll play him trick for trick!"
Old Father Will still smoked his pipe and steered;
The smack close hauled he nothing overheard.
Below the boys scrubbed out the hold, worked on;
A job was ready ere the last was done.
At last Will cried "You lads, upon deck jump;
Wash out the boat, then rig and spell the pump."
The sun was up, a gentle bracing breeze
Filled every sail, the smack danced on at ease.
Astern the cliffs were fading fast from sight;
Ahead lay mountains huge of fleecy light:
While on a distant cloud, that cheats the eye,
Full sail a vessel lies, or seems to lie.

And round about, at intervals, in shoals,
The herrings dance or puffing purpoise rolls.
"Call Bogey up, you Muse," cries Father Will;
"'Tis his watch now on deck; thus ends the drill."
Up Bogey comes; cries "Little wind, I s'pose!"
He takes the helm, and down old Willie goes.
The lads, not sorry when he disappears,
Cry "Peace be with him: may he sleep for years!"
As Bogey steered he winked his merry eye,
And thus addressed the laddies, standing nigh:
"Well, what think ye of Father Will, my sons?
I doubt, for you, he has too many guns:
When he's awake you'll get but little rest,
So of my watch you'd better make the best."
They take the hint; into the cabin glide:
"I think Tim's best; don't you?" Musella cried.
"Whist! whist!" cries Alf, "you little yelping thing;
A gull's asleep that's been too long on wing.
'Tis dang'rous trifling with a bear's repose;
Besides, 'tis pleasant here for hands and toes."
"What's that you're saying?" roared out Father Will:
Alf answered "Muse, go up; the kettle fill,
And hand it down to me; don't make a row."
Will cried "There'll be a blaze-up, not just now:
But for the present we will say no more;
A time will come to settle up this score!"
The boys exchange strange looks, but nothing say;
It is a privilege below to stay.
Hark! Bogey calls, "My sons, upon deck come!
Alf, bring your trumpet;* Musey, bring your drum;
We're mistified—I cannot see the pump:
'Tis dang'rous sailing; boys, quick! on deck jump."
Alf takes his horn, and merrily he brays,
While Muse melodious on the kettle plays.
The smack into a bank of fog has run,
That clouds the radiance of the morning sun:

* A fog-horn.

And as they sail they hear, or think they hear,
A vessel dashing through the water near.
As petrified they gaze, a spectre looms,—
A running ship, with outspread stun'sail booms,
Like a huge castle past the quarter flies;
Seen for a moment as it fading dies.
"My sons," cries Bogey, "that was very near;
Just near enough the quarter to be clear."
Soon motionless the smack lies like a log;
The crew hear sounds, but nothing see but fog.
Time passes on, the crew awake from sleep;
Up, one by one, they come to take a peep.
"Calm!" cries the captain, "but it won't be long:
Nay, Bogey lad, my dreams are seldom wrong.
Old Father Will may talk about his corns,
But they are nothing to these things with horns.
I mean the bulls and cows that blairing run:
Look out for squalls, we soon shall have rare fun."
They eat and drink below; then walk the deck,
Hour after hour, and talk of gales and wreck;
Of mountains, vales, and rugged rocks that lie
Beneath the deep, unseen by human eye.
"Boy, hither bring the lead," cries one at last;
With grease 'tis primed, into the ocean cast.
The lead at thirty fathoms strikes the ground;
Drawn in, upon it shells and sand are found.
"Will," cries the captain, "that 's a bonny cast:
No fear with such a bottom coming fast.
I 'll venture, with a breeze, success to meet;
We 've very little chance to find the fleet."
"Here, Musey lad, come here," cries Father Will;
"Upon this bunch of rope-yarns try your skill.
Make fifty nettles; mind you make them well:
They may be wanted—when I cannot tell.
Now come, Old Hundred, off you shin up stairs,
To grease the mast down—not to say your prayers.

Look slippy! round your neck the bucket sling;
Grease with one hand and with the other swing."
A breeze springs up, the mist begins to clear;
One takes the helm, the rest throw out the gear.
Night's coming on, the stormy petrels cry,
The East presents a dark tempestuous sky.
"Down, men," the captain cries, "the watch is mine;
Though hardened-faced the sky, the weather's fine.
There's wind enough to drag along the trawl;
If she should want more warp I'll give a call."
He paced the deck, and watched the flying clouds;
The chilling blast came whistling through the shrouds.
The blue forked lightning filled him with alarm,
And loud the thunder heralded the storm.
'Tis night, black night, there's danger on the deep:
When tempests threaten 'tis no time for sleep.
The crew, by clashing thunder made aware,
Below, get booted, for the storm prepare.
The captain calls aloud "Men, come up here;
Quick! reef the mainsail, and haul in the gear."
They heed the summons; up they scamper all,
Just as the vessel's stricken by a squall.
Musella gazes, overwhelmed with fear;
Peal after peal the thunder thrills his ear.
An instant heaven's a blaze of dazzling light;
The next 'tis clothed in robes of blackest night.
The smack is tearing through the foaming main,
Like an impetuous steed that scorns the rein.
The boy, bewildered, views her mad career;
But now the captain's voice claims every ear.
He cries "Men, haste your duty to perform;
First set the jib that never feared a storm;
The main and foresail treble reef; that pole,
The topmast, send down to its lowest hole.
When all the tacks and sheets are well secured
We'll man the winch, and get the beam on board."

The tempest roars, the sea is growing fast,
And stinging showers of hail attend the blast.
The crew, 'mid storm and darkness, get the gear;
And make all fast, then haste the deck to clear.
All loose materials from the deck are thrown
Into the hold,—the hatches battened down.
The weather jib sheet now receives its due;
The rudder's wedged; the vessel's lying to:
Now to the cabin all the crew retire,
To shelter, while Musella lights the fire.
Thrice he has tried his skill, but tried in vain—
A saucy billow dashed it out again.
The vessel trembles; breakers rush on deck;
She's little better than a drifting wreck.
The troubled sea is running mountains high;
The vessel falls, then soars up to the sky.
The bulwark's yielded to the billows' sway;
The boat was staved, and now is washed away.
At every surge the creaking timbers shake;
At every gust the hardy fishers quake.
The blocks and spars aloft tell tales of woe;
The crock'ry sings a doleful song below.
"Well, Musey," cried the captain, "what think you;
A breeze like this at least is something new?
If you were safe on shore you'd there remain;
I guess you would not come to sea again?
Speak out you lubber,—answer Yes! or No!"
The boy said "Sir, I've nowhere else to go."
"That means," the captain cried, "you'd come no more;
I'd give a trifle, boy, to be on shore!"
"Yes," said Musella, "captain, so would I;
But where can a poor homeless wand'rer fly.
The sea and gallows nothing will refuse;
Choice is not choice if we are forced to choose!"
The day is breaking; gloomy looks the sky;
Loud howls the storm; the sea is running high.

The vessel's strained; her well-tried timbers creak;
The pump is quickly manned; she's sprung a leak.
The tim'rous captain now consults his crew—
"We'd better veer and run her? what say you?
'Twill be the wiser plan to bear away,—
'Tis certain death for us to longer stay."
They all comply, and soon the rudder's freed;
She lifts her heel like an unruly steed;
And kicks and bounds, flies up, then gives a sheer:
It takes the captain and the mate to steer.
"Come, Bogey," cries the captain, "look alive!
Hard up the helm! be steady, or she'll jive!
Ease fore and aft the sheets, lads; make all fast:
Look slippy, Bogey, or down comes the mast!"
Close reefed, the old Gorilla's running free,
Tight battened down, before the wind and sea.
The curling frothy billows round her play;
Half hid in foam she hurries on her way.
She's homeward bound; there's danger in the rear;
New dangers, every league she runs, appear.
Here hideous shoals, where spray-capt breakers roar,
Lie stretched along a tide-worn rocky shore.
At length her destined port the vessel gains;
Grounds on a bank, and till the flood remains.
Meanwhile the crew the sails securely stow;
Unhatch and get the moorings from below;
The topsail halyards to the net apply,
And hoist it up that weeds may from it fly:
Launch in the bowsprit; lift and stay the boom;
Then haste into the cabin; all is gloom.
The beam is broken and the net is torn;
They have no fish; the boat away was borne:
The smack is leaky, and their hearts are sad:
There's nothing right on board when luck is bad.
Around the cabin, sheltered from the blast,
The crew now sit and talk of dangers past.

They 're drinking tea, and as they sip they warm,
Each in his turn commenting on the storm.
The captain cries "What will our owner say,
To see her smack wrecked up in such a way?"
"Say what she will," cried Bogey, "we 'd the worst;
'Twas well for us last night we did not burst.
I thought 'twas over when she shipped that sea
Which filled the boat, and washed it o'er the lee.
It made all cringe again: I jumped below,
And muttered to myself 'There, down we go!' "
"For fifty years" cried Will, "I 've sailed the sea,
And I 'm no chicken you must all agree:
I here confess, in all the storms I 've been,
A more disastrous sea I 've never seen.
I thought 'twas finished when the smack was struck;
She tumbled over like a murdered duck.
I shouted 'Jos, my lad, there down she goes!'
Had not the boat have gone she 'd never rose!"
"It strikes me," said the captain, "mighty clear,
When that sea filled the mainsail we were near
The Galloper*—close by its centre bend;
Or, may be, coming round its southern end."
"Well," answered Bogey, "if we were so near,
Where was the light-ship that we could not see her?"
The captain answered "Bogey, did you hear
What Gosling said, as we came round the pier:—
The Galloper † had from her moorings broke,
And, drifting, had received a nasty poke?"
"Well," Bogey cried, "that point is cleared by him,
And so, of course they had to douse the glim.
A rare ship that upon the Goodwin Sands;
The Deal boats must have taken out the hands.
Bold fellows those, they 're foremost in the chase;
The crew are saved; the ship 's a hopeless case."
"A Yankee!" cried the captain, "I 'll be bound:
There 'll be rare pickings, Bogey, to be found.

* A sand-bank on the Kentish coast. † The floating light-ship.

We must not stay here long, eh, Father Will?
But get repaired, and go and try our skill.
There's some one hailing, Musey: don't you hear?
Go up and see who's standing on the pier."
Up Musey goes, and when he gets a view,
He shouts "Please, sir, 'tis some one wanting you."
The skipper from the cabin pops his head,
And who is standing there but brother Ned;
Who, smiling, shouts out "Welcome home, my lad;
To see you here again I am so glad.
Last night you'd have a sorry time at sea
I fancy, Jos, wherever you might be."
"Yes," Jos replied, "I guess you fancy right;
We got well rocked, but little sleep, last night.
We've lost our boat, and brought home many scars
To testify our ship's been in the wars.
And when the vessel's moored, if all be well,
We'll to the owner our disasters tell.
I wish you'd send your boat with little Jack,
To run our warp away; we'll take her back.
The tide is flowing fast, and when we float
'Twill be bad mooring, Ned, without a boat."
"All right!" cries Ned, "Jos, I would run a mile
To help a poor lame dog across a stile.
The boat shall come and I will come as well;
But first I'll go and state the news to Bell.
There's been sad loss among the fleet, I fear;
All that have come, have come without their gear;
And every one has brought some startling news
Of found'ring vessels and their hapless crews."
So saying Teddy turned about to go
As Josey popt his curly head below.
"We're all alike," he thus addressed the crew,
"There's not a smack but what has lost a screw.
Our Ned will send his boat; you, boy, look out;
And when you see her coming mind you shout!"

The storm 's subsided; rain begins to fall;
And night is coming, with her sable pall.
The crew below are chatting: while they talk
Alf and Musella, watching, on deck walk.
Musella asks Alf, "Shall we go on shore?
Or are we doomed to quit the smack no more?"
"That all depends," cries Alf "how things may be;
There 's little shore for boys who go to sea.
The boat is coming; tell them down below,
And I 'll stand ready here, a rope to throw."
"Please, sir, the boat is coming," Musey calls.
"Well, we 'll be with you" loud the captain bawls.
Up jump the crew, the warps are soon secured;
Vessel and boys are left when she is moored.
"Hurrah!" cries Alf, "we 're by ourselves again:
We 'll go below and shelter from the rain.
Now, Musey lad, look sharp, we 'll supper plan;
The kettle boils; clean out the frying pan.
We 'll have a nice warm pancake and some tea;
You won't tell tales, and no one 's here to see."
The batter 's made, and as it hissing fries,
Bump comes a boat; "Old Father Will!" Alf cries:
Hand here the marlinespike, Muse, I 'll be bound
We 'll put that pancake where it won't be found!"
Up comes the hatch, he throws it in the well,
Crying "Musey, keep all squat—you must not tell!"
Down comes old Father Will, says "What's the game?
Have you been frying? there 's a smell of same?"
"Not we," cried Alf, "We have no fish to fry;"
And nothing else, thought he, that you can spy.
"I guess," cried Father Will, "you little thought,
When you were mixing batter, to be caught.
The game is up; I sleep on board tonight,
And here is something charming to the sight."
With that upon the table down he drops
A paper parcel of prime mutton chops;

"You see," he cried, "I 've been to buy some meat;
Hand out the pan, my lads, we 'll have a treat!"
The lads, bewildered, knew not what to say:
For why? the pan in the smack's bottom lay.
Alf, in his flurry, to escape the squall,
Into the well had thrown cake, pan, and all;
And then had shut the hatch close-fitting down,
While chuckling to himself "I 've done him brown!"
The pan is lost; the lads a seeking go:
It can't be found; they 've sought it high and low.
Will smells the rat, and cries "Lads, never mind!
Look well ahead! I 'll help you on behind!"
And, seizing up a rope, for very spite
He grinned and lynched away with all his might;
And as they yelping round the cabin ran
He lashed away and cried "I want the pan:
Where is it hidden? this will make you tell!"
At last Alf mutters "It is in the well!"
Forth comes the pan; old Willie cooks the chops;
The lads go off to bed with empty crops.
Now silence reigns:—old Father Will, well fed,
Sleeps soundly on his cosy cabin bed.
A calm succeeds the storm; the lads repose:
Tired nature sleeps, forgetful of her woes.
The swift-winged moments fly; the lads are blest;
Though hard their lot, no cares disturb their rest.
Hour after hour departs; the gloom of night
Is melting in the dewy morning light.
Musella wakes, and, shaking Alf, he cries
"There 's some one calling, Alf; 'tis time to rise."
"Now, whist" cries Alf, "you Musey! whist, I say!
When you 're awake there 's no one else can lay."
"Alf! Alf!" again Musella, pinching, cried;
"There 's some one tapping at the vessel's side."
"You boys," roared Father Will, "what 's that about?
Look slippy, or I 'll come and help you out.

The carpenters have come to caulk the smack;
You lazy lubbers up you go on deck.
Make on the beach a fire, and boil the pot;
They cannot work until the pitch is hot.
I'll soon be with you; mind your p's and q's,
Or likely you may hear unpleasant news."
The lads, aroused, no second telling need;
Without a word they to their work proceed.
A fire is kindled, and the kettle boils:
They watch old Willie, with his frowns and smiles.
He's coming down the ladder, on the beach;
He views the lads, and then begins to preach:
"To mind a kettle it don't take two boys;
And one, I'm sure, can make sufficient noise.
Now, off you go, Old Hundred; stir about,
And make a fire, and clean the cabin out."
Cried Alf, "Me clean the cabin? very fine!
Let Musey do his work and I'll do mine."
Will takes the pitch-mop, srikes him on the back,
Yells "Off, you lubber, or I'll paint you black!"
Away runs Alf, and mutters as he goes,
"Hot pitch today; last night we'd stripes and blows.
All very grand! young Musey's favoured now;
He won't be long,—I'll get him in a row."
But 'twas not thus:—Will kept poor Muse at drill,
And gave him many a nauseous bitter pill.
Old Father Will now smokes his pipe and walks;
The carpenters are working as he talks—
"Well, Master Birch, you've done first-rate this tide;
The next we'll lay her on the other side.
We can't afford here idle long to stay;
We're losing many a prize by this delay."
"Well," answered Birch, "your craft will soon be right;
She'll be all ready by tomorrow night.
But, after all, the job is very dry:"
Will cries "The skipper's coming by and by;

Then board him for your 'lowance, he 's the man:
I never knew him backward with the can.
But I 'll away on board, the clock says nine;
You 've had your breakfast, I have not had mine.
Where is that boy, Birch? Oh, he's gone on board!
I 'll go and ask him if I gave him word."
He, round to leeward, up the ladder goes
Just as Musella o'er the ashes throws.

Alf saw Will coming, put on Muse the trick,
Cried "Throw the ashes overboard! be quick!"
Muse with the bucket to the lee rail sped,
Capsizing its contents on Willie's head.
Will could not shout, however much inclined;
Half choked with dust was he, and nearly blind.
Poor Musey saw his sad mistake too plain;
'Twas done and could not be undone again.
He looked at Alf and cried "What shall I do?"
And Alf replied "Be brave, and say 'twas you."

When Will had shook his feathers, up he came,
Brim full of fury that no words could tame.
The carpenters were near, he dared not fight,
But rushed below, and yelled out "Not a bite
You lads will get to eat. I have the key.
I 'll tan your hides when we get out to sea!"
"There, Musey lad," cried Alf, "we 've heard our doom:
His threats are awful, but they may not bloom.
I have some Cavendish; we 'll smooth him down:
He cannot get such 'bacco in the town.
With that he shouts below "See, Father Will,
If you want 'bacco there 's some in my till."
"Good lads," cries Will "come down; it makes all square;
If you have 'bacco I 've some grub to spare."
The lads, encouraged thus, proceed below;
Will proves, for once, a rather gen'rous foe.
Forth comes the 'bacco, cavendish, a pound;
He asks no questions, whether stol'n or found;

But smiling says, "Boys, when the dirt you throw,
First look ahead, and see all 's clear below.
This purely accidental may have been;
Confess I must who did it did it clean.
Now get your coffee lads, and side away;
We 've lots of work to do on board today.
The beam must go on shore, and be replaced;
A new tail-end must to the net be laced:
And, after all the work on board is done,
Perhaps, at eve, on shore you 'll get a run."
The lads delighted, thinking of the shore,
Now labour on, no longer work 's a bore.
Hope cheers them on; it has a magic spell;
All that 's required they do, and do it well.
The breakfast over, one the kettle minds;
And each with Father Will employment finds.
The net is stript; the beam is sent away;
Another 's coming; there is no delay.
Yon 's Bogey and the skipper in high glee;
They've brought the 'lowance; Will cries "Think of me!"
"Ah!" cries the skipper, "this is Jolly's stout;
Look sharp, my hearty, or we 'll share you out."
But time and tide will for no mortal stay:
One side is caulked; the other 's for next day.
They mend the bulwark when the smack 's afloat;
And here comes Bogey, with a smart new boat.
Alf, as he views her, utters with delight,
"Aye, Musey lad, we 'll make her go tonight."
On Bogey comes; he 's skilful with the oar;
He makes the water fly; the feather soar.
He has the skipper seated in the prow,
Bold Will amidships, aft the beam in tow.
"Boy," says the captain, "see, this craft of mine
Has got no painter; quick! throw in a line."
A line is thrown, and soon the boat 's made fast;
The beam is squared, a becket round it passed.

Out jump the crew; the tackle is applied;
And soon the beam is laid along the side.
The head 's wedged on; and, with her wonted charms,
Again the smack displays her coat of arms.
Once more the net is overhauled and bent;
All hands prepare to go; the day is spent.
The boys now sweep the deck, and make all right;
Lock up the cabin; leave her for the night.
Into the boat all jump; Alf takes the oar;
And soon they 're safely landed on the shore.
The crew and captain, chatting, roll along,
Till from a tavern comes a jovial throng.
One cries "Well, shipmates, we were coming out;
We 'll all turn in and taste old Jolly's stout."
At first they hesitate, and answer "No!"
Then cry "All right, my hearties, in we go!"
"Boys," cries the skipper, creeping on like snails,
"Off to the owner! mind you don't tell tales!"
The lads say nothing, but they mend their pace:
Alf takes the lead, because he knows the place.
They turn a corner; now they 're out of sight:
Alf to Musella says "Come on, all 's right!
You 'll see our Missus—such a nice old dame:
She 's so good tempered; always much the same.
She has two daughters, very kind and free;
They wash our faces when we come from sea.
They 'll give us eggs for supper; nice plum bread;
And then we sleep in such a fine warm bed.
It 's just the place! if I could have my way,
The smack should go to sea and I would stay."
"But," said Musella, "will they let us go
About the town, to see the folks you know?"
"Yes," answered Alf, "we may till ten o'clock;
But after that they always turn the lock.
See, here's the house! He gives a gentle tap,
And then a genuine home-bound sea-boy's rap.

The door flies open; Missus stands before;
"Please ma'am" cries Alf, "the lads have come on shore."
She, smiling, says "I see you 've come, my boys;
And, if not fish, you 've brought me dirt and noise.
Come in; I see our captain keeps black cooks:
We 'll try if washing won't improve your looks."
They doff their guernseys, and the work begins;
And soon they 're glowing like two polished pins.
The matron views her boys, now clean and neat;
Says "You may go, but not to run the street.
Unruly boys grow up to wicked men:
Now, off you scamper; mind you 're here by ten!
But stay, Musella, sir, before you go
To see your relatives I wish to know
How you like sea; you must have knowledge found;
I cannot keep you, boy, unless you 're bound."
The boy stood silent, for the test had come—
To leave the smack would be to leave his home.
To answer "Yea!" he 'd peace of mind forego;
To answer "Nay," would make a friend his foe.
The matron said "I 'm waiting your reply."
Musella answered "Ma'am, I will not lie:
'Tis not my choice, though it my lot may be;
I here confess I cannot like the sea."
"Then I 'm decided, boy; you must not stay;
But I am loth to send you thus away."
"Nay," said Corunna, "let the boy remain;
He 'll like it better when he goes again.
Don't be severe; the skipper likes him well;
Another month may all his fears dispel."
The matron answered "Well, if he 's inclined
To try again; and, coming back, we find
He likes it better, he with us shall stay;
If not, Corunna, he shall go away.
Now speed, Musella, do not tarry late;
You 've heard the next trip will decide your fate."

Musella bowed; a smile dispersed the gloom:
The matron said, when he had left the room,
"I like that boy; he 's played a noble part;
To wound his feelings sorely pained my heart."
Miranda answered "Never boy will stay
If Father Will, on board, must have his way."
All 's bustle in the streets; 'tis eventide;
The busy crowd pass on; some walk, some ride;
Some seek the house of God, and some the ball,
The noisy tavern, or the music-hall.
At Coral House the fire is burning bright;
The lamp is trimmed, all 's cosy for the night.
Dame Esther on her high-backed sofa sits,
And reads her bible as she musing knits:
It yields such consolation to her mind
As she can in no other volume find.
Beside her sits her daughter, young and fair,
An only child, the idol of her care,—
A mother's darling and a father's pride,
Betrothed and happy, soon to be a bride.
They talk of many things that have passed by;
And of the grand event that 's drawing nigh.
The maiden, smiling, sings her choicest lays,
And talks of wedlock and its happy days.
And as they talk the mother heaves a sigh;
Then wipes the rising tear that dims her eye.
The damsel views with pain the starting tear,
And whispers consolation in her ear.
"What pains your feelings, dear? speak mother, mine;
I will not marry if you can't resign."
The mother answered "Darling, 'tis not so;
Though loath to part I feel another's woe:—
The child of her who shared with you my home,
Left friendless in the world alone to roam.
Musella wanders on the trackless sea;
Three months have passed away, and where is he?

Poor child! my eyes may ne'er behold him more."
Thus as she spoke, a rap came at the door;
"Who 's coming?" said Lavinia; "shall I go?
For Mary 's out." The mother answered "No!
Give me the candle, child; with Father stay;
They 're at the kitchen door, be who they may.
Who 's there?" she cried, and held the door agee;
Musella, smiling, answered "Aunt, 'tis me!"
She cried "Lavinia, here 's Musella home;
Talk of a person and he 's sure to come.
Come in, Musella; none will harm you, dear;
There 's only uncle and Lavinia here."
In walks dame Esther, overwhelmed with joy;
Says "See, I 've brought a little fisher boy."
The uncle views the boy through childish tears;
The boy a child,—the uncle one with years.
He 'd been a man-o'-war's-man in his day;—
Had fought the French, in famed Trafalgar bay.
He spoke of many feats that he had done,
And how in chase they made the Frenchmen run.
Lavinia viewed the boy with searching eye;
Said 'twas a shame to make him such a Guy:—
Thought that some better calling might be found,
And begged her mother would not have him bound.
Dame Esther said "Musella, list to me;
Now, tell me, darling,—do you like the sea?
Speak without fear, but let it be your mind;
Is sea your choice? or you 're for home inclined?"
Musella answered, with a trem'lous voice,
"Dear aunt, the sea can never be my choice."
The matron questioned me, I answered "Nay!"
I told the truth. She says "You must not stay."
"What can I do? ah! whither shall I roam?
I have no parents; where can I call home?"
"My home shall be your home," the aunt replied;
"While I 've a home you 'll never be denied.

You'll never want a place to lay your head;
While I have food you 'll never go unfed.
I 'm not your aunt, but I will be your friend,
To shelter; when in danger to defend.
Your aunt, my dear, died many years ago;
A ling'ring fever laid that angel low.
I watched her in her sickness, heard her sighs;
Her spirit fled; these fingers closed her eyes.
Her end was peace, and from this very room
Where now we talk, they bore her to the tomb.
I know it well; the fam'ly pedigree,
For generations past, is known to me.
I knew your granddame and I saw her die—
Another come, who made the money fly—
Made heaven hell—changed sunshine into gloom—
The joys of home for ever cease to bloom.
Home was not home; the children were oppressed;
She brought her cormorants to rob the nest.
She caused your mother to become a bride,
And urged her on; I to dissuade her tried.
Her eyes were dazzled with a captain's heir;
The youth was handsome and the maid was fair.
She was an only daughter, much refined;
He was a spendthrift, with a callous mind.
Too much indulged, the captain, in his son,
Saw all the seeds he 'd sown to madness run.
'An ill-matched pair!' I 've heard her father sigh;
But love 's a stubborn knot we can't untie.
While I have reason left this hand of mine
A marriage document shall never sign.
I 'd sooner sell Lavinia as a slave,
Or follow the sweet darling to her grave.
Time passed, with many changes—such is life!
And I at length became your uncle's wife.
Your grandsire died, some people said of grief;
Death to his wounded spirit gave relief.

What property was left I never knew;
One thing I know—they want to shuffle you.
But I shall watch them with a jealous eye;
They 'll never claim what 's yours unless you die.
The captain's son was on a foreign shore:
I fondly hoped to never see him more.
The maiden to my dwelling oft would come,
For, troth, she found but little peace at home.
I loved her dearly, with her girlish glee;
Her smiles were sunshine to my home and me.
And when my own sweet little stranger came,
She loved the baby, and it bore her name.
Back came young Edwy: all at home was joy;
Old Captain Harker doated on his boy.
A smart young man he was, I 'll not deny;
He captivated many a maiden's eye.
And all was bustle at the terrace too;
Ma'am Jezebel had got the game in view.
Day after day my lord was entertained,
But all was over when her suit was gained.
She urged; Lavinia with her wish complied,
And soon became a dashing spendthrift's bride.
The scene was changed; poor girl! she saw, too late,
That base old Jezebel had sealed her fate:
Had urged her to become the spendthrift's wife
Then closed on her and him her doors for life.
Each had a marriage dowry; for awhile
Things went on glowingly; they lived in style.
For, while the money lasted, what cared he;
The fast young fellow never went to sea.
But idleness and waste bring want and woe;
All who abuse a friend deserve a foe.
While he had money there were friends to fawn,
But few to help him when the gold had gone.
Poor Captain Harker said, and very true,
'Come, master Edwy, this will never do:

My funds were never made for you to drain;
The bank is closed; you 'll have to sail again.'
And sail he did; protracted was his stay:
Of home he thought but little when away.
Deserted thus, had friends their aid denied,
Your mother and her two poor babes had died.
For many months passed by before he came;
At length he did return, but clothed with shame.
Lavinia, in his absence, stayed with me;
But when he came, poor girl! she had to flee.
He stayed in London, all his earnings spent,
And then came home to live on money lent.
The captain had just reason to complain;—
'Twas lent but never was returned again.
For many months young Edwy strolled about;
At last he sailed as supercargo out,
With captain Daran, to the Indies bound;
This voyage cost old Harker many a pound:
For Captain Daren—a wild worthless rake—
A wilder supercargo could not take:
And, when the vessel gained her destined port,
They sold the cargo, pawned the ship for sport.
Old Daren had the vessel to redeem:
Young Edwy would have felt the law supreme
Had not his kind old father borne the smart:
This sad adventure broke your mother's heart.
Home came your father, with his coffers bare:
To show his face I wondered how he dare.
Stung with remorse, young Captain Daron fled,
And, shortly after, by his own hand bled.
A ruined home now met your father's view;
He 'd sown the storm—must reap the whirlwind due.
His reckless conduct brought indignant sneers,
Which stung his soul to madness, not to tears.
All he beheld reproved him for his deeds;
He saw but could not meet his children's needs.

The third, a son, was in his absence born;
His lovely wife was now a wife forlorn.
He did not very long in town remain,
But went to London; sailed abroad again.
And poor Lavinia ling'ring lived and sighed,
Till nine months after, when she drooping died.
They brought her to my dwelling; there she lay,—
My pretty flower,—like a crushed rose in May!
Her youthful cheek still wore its wonted bloom;
Lovely in death, we bore her to the tomb."

The daughter answered, as the mother sighed,
"Where was the husband when Lavinia died?
It seems so sad that they should meet no more,
However bad he might have been before.
A dying wife has power, nor pleads in vain;
Her words are stamped for ever on the brain."

The mother answered "He beheld her dead.
He landed home before her spirit fled,
And could have come,—I did not say him nay,—
But yet he came not till the last sad day.
And when he came my home was wrapped in gloom,
The coffin bared, and mourners round the room.
When up the steps he walked, rapped at the door;
I let him in, and said 'You meet once more!'
He viewed the corpse, and, turning on his heel,
Walked out; I cried 'The villain's heart is steel!'
He smiled, but spoke not; eyed me with disdain:
We parted here to never meet again.
I laid my darling by her mother's side,
But could not be her children's stay and guide.
The father took them,—none could say him nay;
He bore them from their home and friends away,
And went to lodgings, in a sea-port town,
Some twenty miles away, with Rhoda Brown;
Turned fisherman, and led a reckless life:
His drinking habits often brought him strife.

Musella's brother with this Rhoda died—
Sweet prattling Harry was his mother's pride.
'Twas well for him to die—God took him home
And saved him from the miseries to come:
For, so unsteady grew the fisher's pace,
He was not long a lodger in one place.
Shunned and neglected now by great and small,
At length on shore he'd neither house nor hall.
He had a crazy lugger of his own;
This vessel as the "Good Intent" was known.
In her the monster—nothing less was he,—
Confined his children: took them out to sea.
And there with him they dwelt when she was moored,
And when she sailed they still remained on board.
The girl at most was only six years old,
Musella five; in three his crew were told.
Two years caged up, upon a lonely creek,
With him they lived, 'mong water, mud, and reek;
Half naked, shoeless, and with uncombed hair,
Like two wild things, the objects of despair;
Cut off from all companions, here locked down,
While he was jovial, drinking in the town,
Three miles away, without a thought or care
Of what might happen, or how they might fare.
Unheard they suffered hunger thirst and cold,
But half their miseries can ne'er be told.
Eyes now were on him and his children's needs:
The law was watchful of his reckless deeds.
Thus things went on; old Captain Harker died;
Again the villain's pockets were supplied;
But so outrageous now the wretch became,
The papers published to the world his name.
A charge was proved, his mad career was checked,
The children taken from him for neglect.
They brought them hither, to their native town,
Then sought their relatives—who would might own.

I would have taken one but not the two,
Because, my own Lavinia, there was you.
The nearer relatives had children all;
However well-disposed their means were small;
And, as the girl was nervously inclined,
To separate them no one felt inclined.
Since none could entertain them, when they came,
A stranger took them, to their father's shame.
And poor Musella, once a mother's joy,
Became a well-known little foundling boy.
Now list, Musella! Ever strive to shun
The drunkard's path—the course your father run.
Adore your Maker, keep a conscience clear,
Be sober, honest, humble, and sincere.
Use well your eyes, that you aright may see—
Things are not always what they seem to be.
There 's many a noble hero's deeds unsung,
And many a murderer walks through life unhung.
I give this history that you may know
Your father 's been the cause of all your woe:
That you through life a steady course may steer,
And, crowned with honours, close a bright career.
But Mary 's calling; supper waits below;
I 've told my story, and I know my know.
Musella shan't be bound, I 'll see this dame;
Nor shall the boy go back from whence he came."
Away they went, and, as they sipped their tea,
Musella told strange tales about the sea:
And when the clock proclaimed the time had come
For them to part Musella wandered home,
With this brief message "Tell your missus, dear,
That aunt, tomorrow, will come down and see her."
The stars shone brightly in heaven's azure dome,
As, pond'ring on her words, he hastened home.
" 'Things are not always what they seem to be,'
But I'm Musella, and the sea is sea;

And shortly I again must on it roam,
But no one knows me there, they do at home.
I heard the captain talking down below;
He said, next Spring, they to the North should go."
I thought, "And I'll go, if they'll let me stay,
Then leave the vessel when we get away.
The people there can only know my name,
Not what I am, nor yet from whence I came."
And as he pondered thus ten went the clock,
Just as he gave the owner's door a knock.
A voice cried "Come, my boy, you're just in time!
Have you seen Alf? he always does it prime!
But never mind, boy, get your cheese and bread;
We'll lock the door: Alf finds elsewhere a bed."
"I've had my supper, Ma'am," the boy replied;
"You've had your supper, boy?" the matron cried.
"Yes," he replied, "but have not seen Alf, ma'am;
I've been at aunt's, and had some tea and ham.
She's coming down before we go to sea;
She wants to see you, and to talk of me."
"Well," said the matron, "boy, what can I say?"
He answered "Tell her, ma'am, I wish to stay."
"Then" said the matron "you have changed your mind!"
"No," he replied, "nor am to leave inclined."
"Well," said the widow, "go to bed and sleep;
You know my trade is with the briny deep."
The boy obeyed, and, taking up the light,
Made his obeisance, bade them all "Good night!"
Soliloquising, he surveyed the room:—
"That doleful story's tinged my soul with gloom.
My brain's on fire; my heart will burst," he cried;
"Ah! would I had with brother Harry died!
My name is branded with my father's crimes;
I bear a mark, like Cain in ancient times;
Like him must flee to where I am not known,
Or, stung, through life my wretched lot bemoan."

Then, kneeling down, he breathed a simple prayer,
That God would guard him with his watchful care;
Would be his guide, from all temptation keep,
And, lying down, he wept himself to sleep.
Sweet are the hours of sleep; how short the night!
We scarcely close our eyes before 'tis light.
There 's some one calling, "Boy, 'tis time to rise,"
Musella answers, "Yes," and rubs his eyes.
They call again, "Musella, do you hear?
The crew are waiting for you on the pier."
He answers, "Coming! making haste I am!
I 'm up, and putting on my breeches ma'am."
The fire was blazing when he came down stairs;
Corunna busy glossing up the chairs;
While blithe Miranda, singing, made the bread;
The widow, poorly, had not left her bed.
Corunna said "Musella, here 's your shoes;
Make haste my boy, and go and join the blues.
I 'll speak a good word for you when I can;
So take no notice of that cross old man."
Off ran Musella, to the harbour side,
Where stood the workmen by the falling tide:
'Twas ebbing fast; the smack was hard aground;
Heeled over, with a little water round.
Old Father Will was there, and Bogey too:
Will viewed the lad and cried "We 're wanting you.
What 's got Old Hundred? eh, boy? do you know?
Hast seen him anywhere? you have, I trow.
Well seek him up—he 's likely snugly moored
In blanket bay; boy, off you go on board.
Don't stand there gazing, sir, but waddle in;
The water isn't much above your chin.
It little matters if you should be drowned;
A better boy than you might soon be found."
In went Musella, but, he being small,
Was unsuccessful with the wooden wall.

He gave a spring to mount the vessel's chains;
Fell short and got a ducking for his pains;
While Father Will, delighted with the scene,
Cried "Carpenter, you see the boy is green.
There, down he comes again! he does it fine!"
Birch answered "Well for you he isn't mine!
'Twould look much better if you'd aid afford;"
And, running in, he helped the lad on board.
Wet and benumbed, the boy crept out of sight;
And went below the cabin fire to light.
Bold Alf was soundly sleeping, warm and snug,
In master's cabin, wrapped in master's rug.
Musella lit the fire, then called him out;
To wake him up he 'd very loud to shout.
Alf, snoring, seemed inclined for lying still,
Till Musey cried "Alf, here comes Father Will!"
No second invitation did he take;
But, jumping from the bed, was wide awake.
And, sure enough, old Father Will was nigh;
The workmen too, for now the smack was dry.
Will cried "You boys, look slippy, drop that preach;
Make haste, and light a fire upon the beach.
The pitch wants melting; lots of work to do,
And very little talking-time for you."
Up jumped the laddies, and to work they went,
All hurry-scurry till the day was spent.
Trimmed up again, the vessel's fit for sea;
She goes tonight, with other two or three.
The crew have come; they get the boat on board;
Then set the sails; the vessel is unmoored.
She, like a bird, flies round the pier again,
To battle with the storm and briny main.
The captain cries "You boys, look out ahead!
Yon smack to windward is my brother Ted.
We'll keep him company, go where he may:
If he should change his course be sure to say."

The night is gloomy, and the water glows;
A cloud of sparks* the bounding vessel throws.
At every pitch, as through the deep she hies,
The darting herring like forked lightning flies.
Friend Bogey has the helm; the wind 's abeam;
The vessel glides along as if by steam.
Old Father Will and skipper are below;
The lads are happy, talking in the prow.
Musella asks Alf where he was last night;
And Alf replies "Aye, Musey lad, all right!
I went with Josey Bumbles to the play;
'Twas twelve o'clock before we came away.
I saw the pantomime,—folks called it so,—
Such lots of fun—Aunt Sally and Jim Crow;
And ladies, dressed in gold, were dancing grand:
I 'll go again when we get back to land.
'Twas only sixpence, Musey; 'twasn't dear:
We smoked our pipes, and clapped, and drank our beer.
And, when 'twas over, I could scarcely see,
I was so drunk: aye, lad, we had a spree!
Hark, Bogey calls! you Musey, aft you go!
'Tis my watch here, and your watch down below."
Aft Musey runs, and Bogey cries "All right!
Just go down stairs, my lad, and trim that light,
And then turn in; you are not needed here,
For Alf can watch ahead and I can steer."
No second telling sent the boy to bed;
He was so tired he slept as with the dead.
How varied are the dreams that break our sleep—
Sometimes we 're falling from a rocky steep;
At others struggling with some hideous foe,
Who mocks our cries, and will not let us go.
The sky is black in poor Musella's dream;
He 's startled by the lurid lightning's gleam.
It thunders heavy; quick! crack after crack!
He wakes,—'tis Bogey thumping on the deck!

* The water-burn.

"All hands upon deck come," he stamping cries;
"You 'll see the May Queen picking up a prize."
The crew jump, quickened by the joyful sound;
And sure enough there 's wreckage strewn around.
Some luckless fruiter 's to the bottom gone,
And left her cargo to the morning dawn.
"Aye!" cried the skipper, "here 's a grand display!
If we with fruit would load our craft we may.
'Tis not a paying game; 'twill never do!
For our own use we 'll get a box or two.
Luff! Bogey, luff!" the captain loudly cried;
"We 'll take three boxes in, on the lee side.
Hand here the boat-hook, boy; and make all clear.
I 've got it, Will; quick! hand the tackle here!
Now, hoist away, my lads!—there 's one secured!"
They very soon have other two on board.
"Hold!" cries the skipper, "we must have no more;
Three boxes here are better than a score.
We 'll have a feast of oranges and bread;
The rest will do to throw at brother Ned!"
"A grand idea that!" said Father Will;
"Aye, Bogey lad, have you at fighting skill?"
"Yes," answered Bogey, "if we have it hot,
I 've no objection when we 've golden shot!"
"Well," said the captain, "if we mean to fight,
I 'll take the helm, and Ted shall have it right.
Don't fire a shot till we are side by side,
Then from your lockers let him be supplied.
Prepare for war! the boxes open break!
If Ted 's asleep he 'll soon be wide awake!"
"Boy, bring the hatchet here," friend Bogey shouts;
"These must be lemons—they have pointed snouts."
"Well, mine are oranges," cries Father Will;
"And so are mine," says Alf, "see, here 's a pill!"
The eastern clouds afar are tinged with red;
The sun is rising from his misty bed;

The screaming seagulls round the vessel fly;
The silent crew their ammunition eye;
And soon the smacks are sailing side by side;
"Hold on!" the captain cries, "don't throw too wide.
We'll close! be steady when the word I say!
Stand to your guns, my boys, and fire away!
Now! up and at them! fight like British tars!"
And off a volley flies like flaming stars.
The charge is answered swiftly; golden balls
Fly through the air, and fall in yellow squalls.
The crews in earnest fight; the battle 's high;
Charge after charge, the blazing rockets fly!
A running fight; the captains fire and steer—
A noisy fight; the crews dance, fire, and cheer,
Till tired of throwing, ends the jovial fray;
The sunny welkin rings with "Hip, hurrah!"
"Well" says the captain, "that 's a bonny game!
To waste such fruit it is a burning shame."
"We didn't waste it, skipper," Bogey cries;
"See, father Will has got two splendid eyes!"
"That 's one to us," cried Alf. "Among our foes
I saw Tom Skittles with a broken nose!"
"It serves him right," said Bogey, "I know well
Such shots as ours improve a fellow's smell!"
"All very fine," old father Will replies;
"Such shots don't much improve a fellow's eyes!"
Musella answered, "When my orange fled
I saw it hit Joe Bumbles on the head!"
"All right!" the captain cried, "boys, clear the deck,
And send the boxes off among the wreck."
Alf said, "What can we make of such a heap?"
The skipper answered, "Orange puddings, cheap.
At all events they have to go below;
We 've got as many as we gave the foe.
But there 's the fleet; it blows a spanking breeze:
Bear hand, we have some other tow to teaze!"

They join the fleet, and, in the usual way,
They mend and work the trawl by night and day.
Musella 's grown familiar with the sea,
But never can with Father Will agree.
Thus here upon the coast they cruised about,
And fished,—were often sailing in and out;
Till Spring came round, and silver-blossomed May
Brought music to the earth; made meadows gay.
But many threat'ning billows rolled between;—
The boy beheld life's way a chequered scene.
A dreary rugged path 'twas his to roam;
He 'd storms at sea and blighted hopes at home.
His sister Leah was no longer near,
With her sweet smiles his gloomy soul to cheer.
A *waif* she drifted, no one cared to own;
And he, a *stray*, went drifting on alone.
Lavinia but one year had been a bride—
Beheld and blessed her first-born babe, and died.
The granddame made provision for her child;
Thus Fortune on the helpless infant smiled.
Again the smack is on the fishing-ground:
The next trip in she 's to the northward bound.
They've sold their fish—the French have been on board;
With grog the spirit-locker 's over-stored.
'Tis blowing strong; the eastern sky looks *grue;*
The captain 's groggy, rather noisy too.
He plays all kinds of antics, sings, and swears,
Yells like a demon as he ramping tears.
He cries "All hands on deck! no time for bed;
Haul aft the sheets; we 'll race with brother Ned!
I have the tiller; long shall be my spell;
We 'll beat the May-Queen or we 'll sail to hell!"
For hours upon a wind the vessels fly;
Jos tries his tactics, but can not draw nigh.
The May-Queen has the game—ahead is she;
Astern, the old Gorilla 's on the lee.

The cabin-boy the captain's voice obeys;—
'Twould be high treason to thwart what he says.
The drunken skipper he with grog supplies,
Till Jos sees blazing smacks before his eyes.
He steers defiant of the rising storm,
Till roaring billows lift their awful form.
And Ned, alarmed, bears up, will sail no more;
Jos veers, and swears he 'll chase him to the shore.
Ted beat his brother's smack upon a wind—
At running beat and left her far behind.
He gained the harbour full an hour before
His drunken brother Josey reached the shore.
At length the bold Gorilla 's safely housed;
And brother Ted's suspicions are aroused.
He views the smack; the men have gone below,
And left the boys the sails to strike and stow.
"All is not right with brother Jos," Ted cries:
"They 've too much grog on board," his mate replies.
"The skipper 's drunk; the crew are much the same:
Here comes my uncle's boat* in search of game!"
"Ah! sure enough," cries Ted; "our chance is small,
But we must try these fellows to forestall."
Into the boat they jump; "Scull! scull!" Ted cries;
"For life, Jim, scull! they 'll make the smack a prize!"
Away they fly;—Jim sculls with might and main;
Both boats at once the wished-for object gain.
Ted jumped on board, and off he ran below,
Not asking leave of either friend or foe.
He seized the poker; shattered half a score
Of spirit-bottles on the cabin floor.
But helpless were the crew; they heard the noise;
And Josey, winking, grunted "Silence, boys!"
Aft came the coast-guards; they were just too late—
Not quite in time to see the liquor's fate. [seize!"
"Strong smell!" said one; "there's something here to
Ted answered "Broken bottles, if you please!"

* The coast-guard boat.

"Well," said the coast-guard, "you were just in time;
And Jos may thank his stars you did the crime."
"What's that?" cried Jos, "I haven't won the race?
At all events I'm second in the chase!"
"All right, my hearty!" answered brother Ted;
"I'll moor the craft; you tumble into bed."
The vessel's moored; she's painted up and down;
Her stores are all on board; the crew in town.
She looks quite smart; there's her and other three;
On Monday, if all's well, they go to sea;—
A three-months voyage to the northward bound,
To try their luck upon a far-famed ground.
'Tis Sunday now; Musella, dressed in blue,
Looks like a jolly tar, and feels so too.
He's been well rocked; has a peculiar gait;
A scarlet nightcap's flaunting on his pate.
Robed in their best, the gents and ladies neat,
Gaze on him as he waddles up the street.
He's off to see his aunt, and spend the day
In looking round, before he goes away.
All smiles, he hastens to the little room
Where sits aunt Esther, reading, wrapped in gloom.
She lifts her eyes, and views him with a tear,
And says, "Musella, glad to see you dear!
Come, sit you down my boy, and talk to me;
I trust this day you've come my guest to be.
My heart is lonely, gloomy is my home—
Lavinia's left earth for Heaven's azure dome.
She dwells with angels now, with saints on high;
Has paid the debt of nature—all must die!
But here comes Mary; I must say no more,
For if she sees me weep she'll scold me sore.
Poor girl, her meaning's very good, I know,
But yet she cannot feel a mother's woe!"
In bounces Mary, heedless of her toils;
Her face is radiant with good-natured smiles;

Light is her step, her heart blithe as a bee;
She trips about the house—no cares has she.
She says Musella is her rising star,
That her intended is the gallant tar,
And, if he 'll only just make haste and grow,
She 'll be his bride, and round the world they'll go.
"My word," aunt Esther cries, "You 'll cut a shine;
Musella thirteen, Mary thirty-nine!"
"Well never mind," said Mary, "wait a wee;
I 'll have Musella! love, will you have me?"
"Nay," laughed Musella; "I must go away."
"Yes," answered Mary, "love, but not to stay."
The boy replied, "Yes, for a long long while—
Tomorrow I must leave my native Isle!"
"What!" cried aunt Esther, "boy, I did not know;
Before you leave you 'll ask my leave to go.
You are not bound; no master can detain
You longer than I wish you to remain.
Explain yourself; perhaps I may agree:
It all depends on what your scheme may be.
Don't be too hasty—look before you leap;
Perhaps the precipice may be too steep!"
"Well," said the boy, "I 'll give my statement true:
I could not tell you, aunt, before I knew.
'Twas not decided till the first of May
That for three months the smack should go away.
The vessel 's painted; they have changed the crew;
She 's like a cutter; all her sails are new.
I feel inclined to wander; aunt, you know
She 's going into Yorkshire, let me go
To that romantic town within the bay,
Down in the North, three hundred miles away.
I should so like to see this 'Ocean Queen;'
When I return, I 'll tell you all I 've seen."
"To Yorkshire!" saucy Mary cried with glee;
"They'll bite you there—no Yorkshire bites for me.

I love the bonny Isle where cherries grow;
No spot on earth can choicer beauties show.
But if you go, and learn the Yorkshire brogue,
When you come back we 'll call you 'Yorkshire rogue.'
You must not stay; nay, love, we cannot part;
Don't stay, Musella, or you 'll break my heart!"
The boy replied, "I cannot tell my fate;
I only know the vessel will not wait.
'Tis only for three months; they told me so;
I want to see the world; aunt, let me go!"
"The world!" replied aunt Esther, "boy, I ween
Your heart will some day sicken at the scene.
Self is the ruling passion of the mind—
This more or less throughout the world you 'll find!
But dinner 's ready; heeding your design,
We 'll talk the matter over as we dine.
A three months' cruise gives knowledge to the wise:
All who seek knowledge must use well their eyes.
I clearly see, as things have gone so far,
For me to meddle now would be to mar.
Your mind on going being fully bent,
Though loath to part, I give you my consent."
The boy replied, "Then I depart in peace;
With your consent all my misgivings cease.
I feared to name it, but could not deceive,
Lest your fond heart should in my absence grieve.
But ere I leave, I 'll take a ramble round,
And tell my cousins I am northward bound.
I fain would see poor Leah, but you know
The distance is too great for me to go.
And, if I did, my walk would be in vain;
The doors are closed—none can admittance gain."
"Nay," said aunt Esther, "it were vain to try;
I 'll see poor Leah—give her your 'Good bye,'
And tell her you have gone far far away,
To yon romantic town within the bay:

And, as you wish to take a parting view,
Go wander round, and bid your friends adieu:
Then hasten back; no matter where you be
Remember aunt and Mary's waiting tea."
"Well" answered Mary, "I shall ah! and hum!
When tea is ready, if you do not come.
The few remaining hours, love, spend them here;
You will not keep us waiting? will you dear?"
Musella, smiling, promised to obey;
Put on his scarlet cap, and marched away.
How keen the woes some men are doomed to bear!
How rough the road they tread, year after year!
They struggle on, with loss and cross in trade;
Hope buoys them up, but only blooms to fade.
Poor Jerrold Taylor's heart is sad today;
His path grows rougher as his hairs turn grey.
Seven children his paternal succour crave;
The mother's gone to sleep in the cold grave.
Six months have passed since her kind spirit fled,
And her frail form was numbered with the dead.
Brave, but submissive, Jerrold views his lot;
Keen are his sorrows, but he murmurs not.
The dinner's over; with a solemn air,
Sits the kind father, smoking in his chair.
He has his youngest daughter on his knee;
Around the room the elder wander free.
Fair Rosaline has got a picture book;
She prattles nicely; cries, "See! come and look!
Jim, Nelly, come! here's mamma! come and see!
That's poor mamma! that little girl is me!"
Mat, Charles, and Harry, busy with wild flowers,
Talk of the beauties of the rural bowers;
While Jenny Brooks, a damsel young and fair,
Conducts the household, with a matron's care.
There's some one coming; up the children rise,
And on the area window fix their eyes.

Jem cries, "See father, here comes cousin Sel:
My word that scarlet night-cap suits him well!"
No need to knock—the door flies open wide,
And soon he 's standing by his uncle's side;—
Who cries, "See baby, what a funny chap!
Tell me, Musella, where you found that cap."
The boy replied, "The captain gave it me;
And Missus says it suits me to a tee."
"So much for taste and fashion," uncle cried,
"I cannot countenance such swag'ring pride.
Musella, throw away that gaudy slop;
I 've something more becoming in the shop.
And as you wear the sailor's jacket blue,
Your cap should be of the same colour too.
James, go up stairs my boy; see, here 's the key!
And bring a number eighteen down to me."
Jem hastens to the shop; returns with joy;
Presents a new cap to the blushing boy.
"There," uncle, smiling, says "that suits your head;
The scarlet one will do to wear in bed.
And now, my laddie, tell us all the news—
For such a gift I think you can't refuse.
'Tis many weeks since we have seen your face,
And some one said the smack had left the place."
"Well," said Musella, "uncle, lend an ear:
Next Sunday morning I shall not be near.
The smack is ready; by the break of day
She leaves the harbour, for a Yorkshire bay;
Where stands an old and noted fishing town—
A lovely spaing-place of great renown.
I am so glad, for once, to get away
Three hundred miles, and for three months to stay."
"I see," says uncle, "that you wish to go:
All right, my boy! but does aunt Esther know?"
"Yes," cried Musella, "and she says I may;"
The uncle answered "But, 'twas not to stay!"

Musella blushed, and said, "I cannot tell:
I am not bound; they 'll have to use me well!
But time flies quickly, wheresoe'er we be,
And aunt and Mary want me back to tea.
God bless you all, for I must say adieu!"
So saying up the area steps he flew;
And left fair Rosa with the scarlet cap,
Who, dancing, cried "See, me 's a funny chap!"
He wandered lonely to a village church;
Sat down to rest on a stone-seated perch.
The door was open, but he entered not:
The service ended ere he left the spot.
He watched the people leave, and then, alone,
Among the tombs he sought his mother's stone.
He gazed in silence; from his pocket drew
A little book,* and plucked a flow'ret blue.
With care he placed it in the metred book;
Then, turning, gave a long last parting look.
"This scene," he cried, "my eyes behold with tears,
Leaves an impression that will last for years;
For as I roam the earth, or plough the wave,
My thoughts will wander to a mother's grave!"
He journeyed homeward; sought upon his way,
Another grave-yard, decked with daisies gay.
He viewed the church, and sought his cousin's tomb,
And added to his book another bloom;
Saying, "These I 'll treasure wheresoe'er I go;
And Doctor Watts shall cheer me when I 'm low."
Then, gazing on the church, whose lantern high,
With its tall flag-pole, seemed to touch the sky;
"Adieu, Saint George," he cried, "my task is o'er
To stand as keeper at your crimson door!"
And, saying this, he passed the iron gate;
Then hurried home lest he should be too late.
True to his promise, as the clock struck four
He crossed the threshold of aunt Esther's door.

* Watts's Divine Songs.

She, smiling, said "Musella, here you be;"
And Mary answered "Just in time for tea.
Come, sit you down, and tell us where you 've been;
What you have heard, and found, and what you've seen."
Musella answered, "As you wish to know;
I 've been to Gravesend, where we all must go:
Have seen a church where a young blooming bride
Once tied a knot she never should have tied.
I 've seen my uncle, and have proved him kind;
He looks quite cheerful, and seems more resigned.
My cap he saw, and did not like its hue,
Says this is more becoming, what think you?"
"Well," said aunt Esther, "I with him agree;
Blue is a colour much admired by me:
A British ship may sport a crimson flag;
A scarlet cap proclaims its wearer's brag.
Now come, Musella, let me hear you read;
This book yields lessons that we all most need:
'Twas poor Lavinia's, as she loved Musell;
Boy, take her bible—take and use it well!"
The boy, delighted, took the book and read
Page after page; aunt Esther stroked his head,
And said 'twas cheering to her heart indeed
To sit and hear the little fisher read.
And Mary laughing, with a merry scream,
Declared he 'd grown six feet in her esteem.
Her prospects brightened—she could clearly see
That she one day a captain's wife should be!
"Whist!" cried aunt Esther; "Polly, say no more:
You make me laugh—you 've made me laugh before.
Fast fly the moments; night succeeds the day;
Get supper ready; we may part for aye!
Hark! how it thunders; what an awful night!
The blackened sky is all a blaze of light!
Oh! what a crash! the earth's foundations shake!"
Rain fell in torrents as the words she spake.

Flash after flash the forked lightning flew;
Crash after crash the thunder nearer drew.
Loud shrieked the blast as Esther trembling sighed,
"'Twas such a night when this boy's mother died."
The storm subsided; all was calm again;
The moon-beams played upon the trembling main;
The golden lamps of heaven their lustre shed;
And silence reigned supreme—the storm had fled.
"Well," sighed Aunt Esther, "poor Musell must go;
How strange; I never dreamt it would be so.
We shall feel gloomy—none to come from sea;
To bring us shells, and fill our home with glee.
I feel half sorry that I gave consent;
But yet the boy on going was so bent."
"Well," Mary cried, "He goes not to remain;
In three months' time my love returns again;
And then he 'll have, I know, if all goes well,
A stock of tales 'twill take him months to tell:
And we shall hail his coming with delight—
When he is absent often to him write."
The clock struck ten, when up the trio rose;
Their little conference was at a close:
They breathed their fond adieus, with smiles and tears;
The boy departed and was absent years.
Dame Dicey 's tired; she 's had a busy day;—
A sailing smack admits of no delay.
She 's had the skipper and his wife to tea—
A social meeting ere they go to sea.
She looks quite stately in her weeds of woe—
A thick-frilled widow's cap as white as snow;
Plump as a partridge; noble as a queen;
Blunt is her manner; hasty, but not mean.
Sat in her easy chair, with folded arms,
The comely widow now displays her charms.
She 's mistress of the house—her sovereign sway
None dare dispute, but tremble and obey.

Corunna 's sitting by her mother's side;
Twelve months ago she was a smiling bride.
Her heart is lonely, and her face is pale;
Her sombre garments tell a doleful tale.
Miranda, busy, frisks about the room;
Upon her cheeks the virgin roses bloom:
Her hopes are bright; delicious are her dreams;
Betrothed, all smooth the path before her seems.
The supper 's over, yet the cloth is spread;
Alf 's had his broth and gone on board to bed.
The smack 's provisioned, and a craft well-stored
Must not be left without a soul on board.
Click goes the old Dutch clock against the wall;
Ten times the matron heard the hammer fall.
"Musella 's late," she cried, "where'er he be:
Such tricks as these will never do for me!"
And as she spoke a rap came at the door;
"Come in," she cried; "you should have come before:
But never mind; for once we won't complain;
Just mind you never do the like again."
"You 've had your supper?" "Yes," the boy replied.
"Well, you must sleep on board," the matron cried.
"See, there 's your bag well packed, now off you go;
I guess you 'll find Alf fast asleep below."
The boy obeyed; and, taking up his store,
Bade them good night, and never saw them more.
The sluice-bell tinkles as he walks along;
His steps are measured to its quick ding! dong!
He finds Alf with his bag upon the pier;
Alf jumps up, cries, "Well, Musey lad, what cheer?
They 've turned us out; we 're in a pretty plight,
Left to and fro to wander all the night!"
"Nay," cried Musella, "Alf, see here 's a boat;
We will not stay while there 's a punt afloat."
"A noble vessel that," bold Alf replied—
Half filled with water, and no oar to guide."

"Well, never mind," cried Musey; "we have legs;
To bale her out we 'll use our caps as kegs.
Hand here the linen; we must keep it dry:
If we can't get on board, at least we 'll try."
In jumped bold Alf, and soon they baled her out;
Then loosed the tether that secured her snout.
Each used a leg; the little craft came round:
"Hurrah! my lad," shouts Alf, "we're outward bound.
Steer steady for the buoys, he, paddling, cried;
There 's three before we gain the vessel's side."
The night was still; the sluice-bell ceased to ring;
They heard the sluice-gates from their sockets spring.
The rushing water filled them with dismay;
Their efforts failed; the boat was borne away.
Alf shouts, "Hand here the painter! look alive!
Broadside upon the buoy the boat must drive.
If I can throw this chain across its ring
All will be well—the boat will safely swing;
But if I miss the buoys ahead (there 's three;)
To miss the last is death to you and me!"
He threw the chain and missed—he missed the two:
The boat drove on; he screamed "What shall we do?"
Musella answered, "Alf, from screaming cease;
There 's none to help us; let us die in peace!"
"See, here 's the buoy! be steady! throw again!"
He threw—this time the ring received the chain.
"Hold on good chain!" he cried; "this checks her flight;
Our crazy craft is brought up for the night."
Soon high and dry upon the mud she lay;
The sun was rising ere they got away.
Three hours they waited for the flowing tide;
The boat afloat their fleshy oars they plied.
They gained the vessel, cast the punt adrift,
And went below to light a fire and shift.
The kettle boils; they get an early meal;
And o'er their senses sleep begins to steal.

They tumbled into bed; the sun shone bright;
And when they woke again 'twas coming night.
The crew have come; they missed the morning tide,
But here they are, the captain and his bride:
And someone else—oh! awful to relate;
Old Father Will has been re-shipped as mate;
The bird proposed has fall'n and broke a wing;
In lieu of Bogey now comes callous Bing.
The boys aroused fly up, are wide awake;
And, when they see their foes, with terror shake.
Alf cries, "See, Musey, here's the boat and crew;
We 've had one devil, we shall now have two!"
Poor Musey whispered "This is not Jim Crow!
Hand down the things, Alf; I will go below;"
"Yes," Alf replied, "make haste, and light a fire,
And get all ready that they may require.
Here's mistress come on board, and little Ted;
Just clear the cabin; show her master's bed."
"Below, boy!" cries the skipper; "sleeping still?
Here, take these pipes and put them in my till.
Is all in order, fitted for a queen;
The table polished, and the cabin clean?"
"Yes, sir," replied the lad, "I think they'll do;"
The skipper answered "Boy, they may for you;
But when a lady comes to claim a part,
The stove and all things should be extra smart.
Now come, my lassie, take a walk down stairs,
And see our splendid looking-glass and chairs.
Be steady, please; be careful how you tread;
A damask carpet's in the cabin spread!
Here, boy, take piccaninny down below,
Or very soon he overboard will go.
Now clear the deck, my lads; the moorings loose;
Hoist in the boat; set sail; and off she goes!"
The work begins; the craft is soon unmoored;
They haul her out, and get the boat on board;

Then set the sails; she from the harbour flies
As, from the pier, "Success!" dame Dicey cries.
Bing has the helm; old Father Will is aft;
The sheets are eased; the wind is well abaft;
The sky is clear; the stars are shining bright;
Upon the Foreland glows the beacon light.
The skipper's chatting with his wife below;
The lads are forward, busy in the prow;
They coil the moorings down, and make all clear;
And speak in whispers, for the foe is near.
The deck is cleared; the lads together talk
Of things to come, as fore and aft they walk.
Alf cries, "Aye, Musey lad, with such a breeze,
In thirty hours she 'll run her course with ease:
And if we like that town within the bay,*
I fancy we shall feel inclined to stay."
Musella answered, "Alf, that all depends
On how they treat us with their hard rope ends.
'Twill be lynch-law, I guess, away from home;
Things had been better had the owner come."
"You want a job, my lads," cries Father Will;
"Well, look alive! the pump requires your skill:
Just suck her out, then to your kennel go,
Down forward you among the sails can stow."
The work is done; they to their berth retire:
'Tis rather comfortless without a fire.
Will has the watch; among the sails they creep;
And laugh and chatter till they fall asleep.
Sweet sleep, kind soother of the troubled breast;
The weary sea-boy's ever-welcome guest!
Locked in its fond embrace, wind, seas, may roar;
He roams the woodlands of his native shore.
"Below there!" cries a voice, "roll up this way;
Ye lazy lubbers, will you sleep all day?
Come, waken up; look slippy! do ye hear?
Down goes the anchor; see the cable clear!"

* Scarborough.

Alf cries "Come Musey!" up they crawl like toads,
To see the smack brought up in Yarmouth Roads.
The wind has gone to sleep; the flood runs strong;
The vessel's anchored with a motley throng:—
Brigs, schooners, ships of every form and size,
Like a vast forest from the ocean rise.
To seaward, stretched along a dang'rous shoal,
The tumbling, hoarse-voiced, white-toothed breakers roll.
To leeward, on a narrow strip of sand,
Spires, watch-towers, and a host of wind-mills stand:
And from the fore-shore runs a wooden pier,
With crowds of viewly dwellings in the rear;
While in the back-ground points a line of spars
Which shows the river Yare's much used by tars.
A lofty monument* stands near, to tell
How and where Norfolk's gallant hero fell.
Britannia, on its summit, stands at ease,
Kissed by the breath of every passing breeze.
Upon the beach the people come and go;
Gay pleasure-boats are sailing to and fro.
Steam packets, running up the Yare and down,
Show Yarmouth is a busy sea-port town.
Musella gazed with open mouth and eyes;
"Alf, what a pretty place this is!" he cries.
"Oh! what a lot of mills; they do look grand!"
"Boys," cried the skipper, "this is wind-mill land!
You have the anchor watch, on deck, you know;
Remember, boys, old Father Will's below.
I'm going too; the sun is rising red;
When a breeze comes just call me up from bed.
Now get your line, you've nothing else to do;
There's whitings here; perhaps you'll catch a few;
And then for breakfast we can have a fry:
For bait a fly will serve you; catch and try."
Below goes skipper, hands bold Alf the line;
Alf pounces on a fly; cries "Blue, you're mine!

* A Monument in memory of Lord Nelson, on Yarmourh denes.

Come, Musey, look alive! why, that's a bee!
But never mind, lad; hand him here to me."
Out runs the line; the boys impatient wait;
The fish seem not inclined to take the bait.
Alf jerks, then lets the lead the bottom feel;
Cries "If they won't have flies we'll give them steel!
I have him, Musey lad; quick! haul away!
'Tis none a whiting, it has too much play.
Be steady with the line! be sure don't shake!
Aye, skipper will be pleased; we've caught a hake!
So much for flies; we'll try our luck again;
Our efforts so far have not been in vain.
We now have bait, and of the primest sort;
A hake's inside should yield us glorious sport."
The bait is tempting to the finny crew;
The boys soon catch enough; prepare a stew;
Call out all hands, who long have lain in bed;
They soon comply, to taste the banquet spread.
The breakfast over, up the skipper comes;
He looks around, and walks the deck and hums.
"To breakfast boys," he cries, "then clear the boat,
She very soon will have to be afloat.
Come, Polly; come on deck, bring little Ted;
Sure you and he have had enough of bed.
Come, Father Will and Bing, we never more
May have a better chance to get on shore.".
Soon, in the boat, they from the vessel glide—
Bing, Ted, and Will, the skipper and his bride.
Will cries, "Get dinner ready; mind the smack;
We shan't be very long before we're back."
"All right!" cried Alf; then muttered "Go, and stay!"
Musella answered "Alf, I wish he may!"
'Twould be a lucky job for you and me
If that old crab would crawl away from sea!
But what about Tom Bing? he's mighty tall;
And very sparing of his voice withal."

"Well," answered Alf, "he 's our inveterate foe;—
The less the better we about him know."
Musella cried, "Blow breezes! why delay?
And speed us to the town within the bay.
I am not bound—my hand was never signed."
Alf answered "I am, but can soon unbind!"
Hour after hour the boat remains on shore;
The boys fish, list'ning to the billows' roar.
The dinner 's ready, and is getting cold;
Poor Musey trembles for he knows they 'll scold.
At length a breeze springs up; the rippling tide
Comes patter patter 'gainst the vessel's side.
The sails no longer flap; off come the crew;
They get the anchor, and their course pursue.
The boat on board, they go below to dine;
'Tis three o'clock; fair wind; and weather fine.
Old Father Will has got the smack in charge;
Sails through the fleet, and smokes: he does it large.
The boys, delighted, with admiring eyes
Comment upon each vessel's form and size.
One has a figure-head, a gilded name;
They know that schooner, and from whence she came.
Dutch busses here are riding in the woulds;
Some lashed together thick as sheep in folds.
"Nay, John," cries Father Will, "no fish today!
Gin 's very good, John, but we cannot stay!
Yah, yah, tobac', old closh, is very fine;
It strikes me too that you want British coin!"
"Bing," cries the skipper, "let me leave the hutch;
I want to hear old Father Will talk Dutch!"
Will cried, "Nay, skipper, I can say no more:—
'Schnapps' and 'yah, yah' is all my foreign lore!"
"Well," answered skipper, "down and get your tea;
I 'll take the helm; the watch belongs to me.
All right my hearty; go and join Tom Bing:
Till ten o'clock I 'll keep her on the wing!

A gentle breeze! and if off land it keeps
She 'll make short work of crossing Boston Deeps.
Come Polly, come on deck, and view the shore;
You 'll see what you have never seen before.
You 've seen the horses in a steeple-chase,
But never saw the steeples run a race.
Well, here they are, I 'll count them; one, two, three;
They 're flying helter skelter; come and see!"
Up Polly came; the skipper, pointing, cried
"See, there they are, upon the larboard side."
The skipper's wife beholds, with wond'ring eyes,
The beauteous landscape, as the vessel hies:—
Trees, windmills, steeples, in the background seen;
And by the sea-jagged sand-banks clothed with green.
And as each nook the vessel passes by,
The distant steeples fly, or seem to fly.
"How very strange," she cries, "it is to me:
They seem in motion, but that cannot be!"
The skipper answered "If the breeze should fail,
The steeples very soon would cease to sail.
'Tis by our motion that they seem to fly;
We pass the sand-banks and they cheat the eye.
Boys, come and get your broth," the skipper shouts;
"What are you doing forward? watching scouts?
You 'll see enough ere long; come, down you go;
Clean up the cabin; make all snug below.
See, Polly! Hasbro' lamps* are lit on shore
And yon light riding is the Leman Ower.†
There 's Mother Carey's chickens‡ on the lee,
Ill-omened birds I never like to see.
Look! there they go,—the noisy screaming things,—
They have the storm beneath their sooty wings!"
"Aye," Polly said, "what bonny whistling birds!"
"Hush!" cried the skipper, "no such pretty words!
The twitt'ring little brats, they never fly
And flirt about but when a storm is nigh.

* The Light-Houses. † A Light-Ship off Hasbro', ‡ The Stormy Petrels.

Hand up my jacket, boy, and make a blaze;
That I may see what course the vessel lays!
Come Poll, the night dews fall; go seek your bed;
Send up the lads; turn in with little Ted.
You 'll have to change your lodgings very soon—
With such a breeze we land tomorrow noon!
Boys, keep a good look-out ahead for ships;
We want none of the ladened Geordies' clips;
They won't bear up if we get in their way;
'What are ye doing? smash her brains,' they 'll say."
"A light!" cries Alf, "upon the weather bow;"
"Aye," answers skipper, "boy, don't make a row!
'Tis Cromer light; and far ahead at sea,
The Dudgeon light-ship is, or ought to be."
Alf shouts "Aye, skipper, such a fleet ahead!
If they are Geordies all the sea's o'er-spread!"
"Quick, Father Will and Bing," the skipper cries;
"Just come on deck my lads, and bring your eyes.
'Tis ten o'clock; she 's very good to steer;
Too many coal-tubs, for the lads, are near.
With sails all full, a steady leading wind,
She 'll leave this dusty squadron soon behind!"
Up comes old Father Will, cries "Bonny night!
'Tis years ago since I 've seen Cromer light.
I recognise its bold familiar gleam;
It won't be long upon the weather beam.
I 'll take the tiller; skipper, go below;
And Bing will keep an eye upon the bow."
"All right!" cries skipper, "boys, come down awhile—
Too many cooks, at once, the broth will spoil!"
Down go the boys; the flambeau they prepare,
And wait the summons to display its glare.
They by the fire their silent vigils keep;
No summons comes; they nod and fall asleep.
Now silence reigns below; the vessel flies;
Musella sleeps, and dreams of broken ties.

He sees loved faces, and loved voices hears;
His bosom throbs; his cheeks are wet with tears:
A nervous twitching shows the mental pain—
The strong emotions of his heart and brain.
The cabin floor now serves him for a bed;
Old grimy Sue* a pillow for his head.
Alf has an eye to duty—while he sleeps
A tow-wrapped flambeau from his guernsey peeps:
His hand is on the shaft; he puffs and blows;
The well-charged head is just beneath his nose.
The fire 's burnt hollow; and the lamp, grown dull,
Sways like a pend'lum to the creaking hull.
A sickly odour rises from its wick;
The watch seems louder, with its busy tick.
Time passes on; the rosy flush of day
Lights up the clouds and drives the gloom away.
By beetling limestone rocks the vessel sails,
Bird after bird the running vessel hails:
Whir! willy! willy! willy! is the cry
Of "Flambro' pilots,†" on the ledges high.
Below goes Father Will, to light his pipe;
With a wet mitten gives the lads a wipe;
And, pointing to the fire, cries "Do you see?
Black Sue wants warming for Tom Bing and me."
The boys aroused, Alf at the embers blows;
To fill the kettle Musey on deck goes.
With wonder petrified, he stood and gazed—
Romantic grandeur had his soul amazed;—
The smack was closely rounding Flambro' Head,
And all its beauties were before him spread;—
Huge sea-worn caves, in which, by night and day,
The sportive billows never cease to play;
And frowning rocks, whose weird fantastic shapes,
Gave a bold contrast to the rugged napes.
The soaring ledgy cliff was wild and steep,
Cut here and there by ravines grim and deep.

* The tea-kettle. † The sea-birds.

A countless host of birds, with upturned beaks,
Filled all the ledges and the craggy peaks:
And, as the vessel passed, with voice and wing
These "Flambrough pilots" made the welkin ring.
"Here, Alf," cries Musey, "take this kettle down,
Or very soon 'twill be upon your crown.
Now, come on deck; you 'll see a glorious sight—
Here's Flambro' Head; 'tis like the Foreland, white!"
Bing answered, "Boy, don't lie; mind what you say;
The Foreland cliff is white, and this is grey!"
Up comes bold Alf; up comes the skipper too;
Cries, "Polly, dear, come up and take a view.
You 'll see, I guess, what you have never seen;
And soon you 'll be where you have never been.
Behold, upon yon slopes, the fleecy herds;
See, in the hanging cliff, what swarms of birds:—
Scouts, puffins, pigeons, kittiwakes, and crows;
Perched on the ledges, there they sit in rows.
Hark, how they scream; see how the seagulls fly,
As round yon crag the noisy jackdaws cry.
See on the bosom of yon hazy height
The sailor's friend and beacon of the night;
That shows the mariner what course to steer,
And warns him of the hidden dangers near.
Nigh stands the watch-tower, ready to display
Its many flags to ships that pass by day.
When signalized, a ship her name must show;
Tell where she 's bound, and all they wish to know.
See, on the brow of yonder breezy hill,
A noted land-mark, known as Speeton mill.
The dusty miller, no man can deny,
Will have it airy when the snow-flakes fly!
Bing," cries the skipper, "let me have a steer;
I 'll try if I can knock down Scarborough pier.
'Tis near low water; if we cannot land,
There 's little wind, I 'll shove her on the sand!

Come, Father Will, go down and get some tea;
The vessel 's now in charge of Poll and me!"
The boys have listened,—hoarded the contents
Of all the jolly skipper's brief comments.
The wind 's south-west; the vessel 's running down;
Is soon abreast of little Filey town.
The skipper's wife stands by, and baby Ted;
The talk on deck has brought him up from bed.
He, laughing, views the birds with sparkling eyes;
Jumps, claps his hands, and shouts "See, there he flies!"
The skipper says "A fishing-town, my dear;
Wags call it 'Little Russia' when they jeer:
'Tis bonny Filey, famous for its bay;
The Devil built its Brig,—so people say.
A glorious morning!—'tis the first of June;
The land looks green; the birds are in full tune;
Old Scardeburg stands where it did before,
And looks as warlike as it did of yore.
The first time I came down, I mind it well,
We landed here, in Pin's old 'Isabel.'
I never thought but that the port was free,
As law declares all fishing ports to be.
But soon we found that here 'twas not the case;
We were surrounded by a hostile race:—
A host of well-manned cobles in the bay,
Armed, motionless, fit with their rowers lay;
And, as our vessel slowly passed them by,
At us they let their ammunition fly:—
Stones, stinking fish, whatever came to hand;
You may depend they let us have it grand;
And roared out 'Scarboro' warning;'* lads, stand clear;
Old 'Bawley Dead Horse,'† no one wants you here!
So unexpected came the word and blow
We ran the smack aground, and rushed below.

* A word and a blow, but the blow first.
† A term of derision for the south-country fishermen.

When fastened down from our besiegers grim,
We thought they'd tear the vessel limb from limb.
They made strange havoc of us in the bay,
Then plugged the chimney up and went away.
But never mind, Poll; you have naught to fear;
Things were and are; and now there's free trade here.
They may not like our coming very well,
But will not greet us like the Isabel."
"I hope they won't," said Poll, "I'll go below;
They're still uncivilised for aught I know!"
So saying, disappeared the skipper's bride,
As "Come on deck, my lads," the skipper cried.
Up comes old Father Will; up comes Tom Bing;
The vessel takes the ground; down comes each wing.
All hands are busy; soon the sails are stowed;
The tiny boat launched out, prepared to load.
A voice, close by, cries "Bawley Jos come down!
Lad, here's my fist; you're welcome to our town!
A tidy craft! aye Jos, you know the holes,—
The cosy haunts where dwell the brats and soles!"
"Yes, Jamie," answered Jos, "with all my might
I'll take your hand, my lad, and shake it right.
I'd sooner see you than King George the Third,
For he's a dead and you're a living bird!
See, here's old Father Will; you know his face;
You've very often seen it in this place."
"Old Father Will!" cries Jamie, "guess I do;
Give us a wag!—old Daddy knows me too!
But I must gang; I've other fish to fry;
So, for the present, I must say 'Good bye!'
Remember, Jos and Father Will, all right!
You'll meet me at the Golden Ball tonight!"
The skipper and his wife make haste to land;
They're soon on shore, and walking up the sand,
To seek a lodging, in a humble way,—
A home for Missus for the three-months stay;

And little Ted is toddling on before,
Blithe as a cricket, now he 's got on shore.
Old Father Will and Bing have gone below,
To sleep and wait the water 's ebb and flow.
The lads, left to themselves, begin their preach;—
Talk of the beauties of the town and beach.
Musella says, "Alf, see what funny boats;
How strange they look in their tri-coloured coats.
What wedge-shap'd bows they have, and sheering wales;
What slanting masts, and over-hanging tails."
"They call them cobles, Musey," Alf replied;
"See, there one goes full sail; aye, don't she glide!
She 's only lying two points off the wind,
And what a frothy wake she leaves behind!
Here trawlers have two masts, and some have three;
They 'll go ahead,—I mean when going free;
But put them on a wind, with sheets all tight,
Our craft will warm their jackets, day or night!"
"This is a glorious city," Musey cries;
"Excels the one we 've left in form and size.
I must admit its piers are not so grand,
But more romantic are its rocks and land.
Love at first sight, I 've heard some people say,—
First-love, deep-rooted, never will decay.
You 'll leave me here, but how I cannot tell;
I love this spot,—I 'm fettered by its spell:
And though o'er land and sea I hence may roam
This is my centre,—this will I call home!
The hoary castle, on yon grassy rise,
Has charmed, – in after years will charm my eyes!"
"All right, my lad," cried Alf, "I wish you well;
If you 're inclined to run, I will not tell:
'Tis naught to me; for anything I know,
The vessel may return and I not go!"
"Alf," said Musella, "I 'll not run away;
But I will leave, if not inclined to stay.

Yet there must be a cause; till one is found
I will not leave them, though I am not bound."
"Well," Alf replied, "just bear one thing in mind,—
The lad that bolts must leave his togs behind.
Our bags and Sunday duds must go on shore,
And he who runs will see his clothes no more."
"Alf," cried Musella, "naked, if not lame,
Was I when first into this world I came.
If by abuse they give me cause for tears,
I'll leave the smack by daylight, clothed in sneers!"
Alf shouts "Young Yorkie, drop that throwing stones;
I think you feel inclined for breaking bones!"
Whiz comes another; splinters on the smack,
Then bounces up and hits him on the back.
"Now, that will do," yells Alf, "wait till we're moored!"
"Nay, Bawley," cries the lad, "we'll cum on board!"
Pull alangside, Jock; thoo, I knaw, can plug
The young un's gob, wahle I warm t'awd un's lug!"
On board they jump; the fracas now begins;
Soon crimsoned o'er were the combatants' skins.
The people on the pier danced with delight
To see proud Kent and saucy Yorkshire fight.
The yells and clatter of the fighting boys
Bring up the crew; they're startled by the noise.
Will snatches up a rope, and forward runs,
And, as he lashes, cries "Stand clear, my sons!"
From Bing the strangers each receive a lift,—
Are pitched into their boat and sent adrift.
A woman on the pier, with might and main,
Yelled out "Those mothering thieves hev cum'd again.
They've killed Nell's Jock, an' mah poor Bobby too:
Men, bon the vessel; massacree the crew.
Awd 'Bawley Deead Hoss!' when thoo lands tak care;
We fra thah scope will rahve the skin an' hair.
Cum, Bobby hunney, thoo is mammy's bane;
The best thare is i' toon te bait and skane.

They've made him bleed, an bunged his bonny eyes;
Let's go up street an get sum Willy pies.
Thoo sal thro steeans, and row boats weear thoo likes;
Thoo lay i' wate for em i' cassal dykes.
Get steeans an humlocks;* Jocky, Will, an Sue,
Wi crazy Nan, can leather all the crew!"
"Aye," shouts a huckster, "Betty, what a row!"
Bet yells "Jam, mind thy fish-cart! what is thou?
We've thoo to thenk for all the toon's ill luck;
Thoo harbours Bawley-men an all sike muck!"
"Weel," Jamie cried, "thoo suddent let em fight;
All ha've to say it saaves the laddies right.
They seized the smack; I seed em from the pier;
An noo thoo's vext 'caus they hev catched what cheer!"
"Aye bonlet!" screamed the wench, "thoo's drunk today;
Feeal, tak thoo that; cum Bobby, let's away!"
"Weel dun awd Betty," roared the laughing throng,
While Jamie muttered "Lass, thoo cums it sthrong!"
The water flows; they've hauled the smack away;
Beside the light-house pier; not long to stay.
On shore sails, warps, all her spare stores are sent;
The beam's examined and the trawl re-bent.
The crew now seek on shore their tavern home,—
Haven of joy, where flowing tankards foam.
Birds of a feather here unite in glee;
Gulls sing and tell strange stories of the sea.
The lads are left sole keepers of the smack;
The ball must close before the crew come back.
The vessel's ready; with the morning tide,
If there's a breeze, she'll from the harbour glide.
Alf cries, "Come Musey, get the lock and key;
We'll fasten down and go upon the spree.
I am not broken yet—see, here's my fob,
In it a pipe, some 'bacca, and a bob!
Come, look alive, lad; don't stay fumbling here;
Make up the fire, then come and get some beer.

* Hemlocks.

'Tis eight o'clock; I want to see the town,
Then seek a spot to get some Yorkshire brown."
Musella answered, "I don't feel inclined;
I thought I would, but now have changed my mind.
I 've often heard my good aunt Esther say
To flee from evil is to shun the way."
Alf cried, "My good aunt Esther!" with a sneer;
"No good aunt Esther keeps me from good beer!
Come, are you going? answer 'Yes' or 'No;'
For if you aren't I mean alone to go!"
"Go!" cried Musella, "I shall rove at will,
And view the time-worn castle on the hill.
In taste we differ;—I 'm to muse inclined;
A noisy tavern seems to suit your mind."
Alf answered, "I have ever loved a spree;
And so does every lad who goes to sea.
You 'll be disliked, and so will all the drones,
Who seek for honey among crumbling stones!
Well, I am going; if you choose, remain;
By ten o'clock I may be back again."
And, saying this, Alf scrambled up the pier;
Marched off, while Musey sauntered in the rear.
'Tis evening now; the sun is sinking low;
The distant moorlands in its lustre glow.
Upon the bosom of the rosy deep
The snowy vessels lie, like swans asleep.
Musella 's wandered to the castle grounds;—
Views the bold ruin and its grassy mounds.
His heart is sad; he thinks of friends away;
Sighs o'er the past; and dreads the coming day.
His lot is hard; he feels himself alone;
A smack his home; on shore a mossy stone.
'Tis spring of life, he views the hills before;
The heav'ns are bright; his sky dark as of yore.
"No aunt," he sighed, "when I come back from sea;
A friendless boy I roam; none cares for me!

This rock by friendly moss is over-grown,
But none will gather on a rolling stone."
He raised his eyes, and, in a cosy nook,
Beheld a boy—upon his knees a book.
The boy was sketching; true to nature, he
Portrayed the sunset and the ships at sea.
Musella eyed him, and the setting sun;
At length the book was closed; the task was done.
The little artist smiled; with gentle tone,
Said, "I have sketched you sitting on the stone!
Come, tell me who you are, that I may know
The boy I sketched, when I my picture show.
Speak, I am dull of hearing; don't be shy:
Come, tell me, laddie; there is no one nigh."
The boy replied, "Musella is my name;
I from the bonny Isle of cherries came;
A friendless fisher lad; a smack my home;
Upon the deep, against my will, I roam.
You know my trade; my name to you I 've told;
Now tell me yours, if I may be so bold;
That when we meet—perhaps again we may—
Then I will call you by what name you say."
"My name is Geordie Finley," he replied;
"Known as the little painter, far and wide—
A common dauber of the rudest kind—
Artistic painting better suits my mind.
My home is near the church, upon the hill;
And you may come and see it if you will.
My mother 's poorly, and I fear she 'll die;
She says her home is in the starry sky;
And if she dies there 'll be no home for me;
I then, like you, shall have to roam the sea.
Have you a mother?" "Nay," the boy replied:
"Have you a father?" "Yea," Musella sighed:—
"I have a father, but I have no home,
Save yonder fishing smack in which I roam.

I cannot go with you—I mean tonight—
For I must watch the smack and keep all right.
The crew may come; I must not be away;
We sail tomorrow by the break of day:
But if you 've time, we 'll wander to the pier;
I have the cabin key; you see 'tis here;
And if you choose on board with me to go
We 'll walk the deck and take a peep below."
"I would," cried Geordie, "but 'tis growing late,
And mother 's ill; I must not let her wait;
But I 'll go with you to the harbour side,
And for the future we will be allied.
Tell me, Musella, what they call your smack;
And, now she 's going, when she 's coming back.
I hope on Sunday you will get on shore—
We scarcely can expect to meet before."
The boy replied, "Her name is fair to view,
In yellow letters on a ground of blue.
They call her the 'Gorilla,' you can spell;
She 'll soon be back again, if all goes well."
"All right," cried Geordie, "I can see her name;
She hails from Dartmouth; that 's a port of fame.
I 'll not forget; 'tis graven on my heart;
Good night, Musella! for a time we part;
And when we meet again, you come with me;
I 'll show you everything you wish to see:—
All that is interesting in the town;
We 'll ramble all the hills and valleys down;
And rove the wild-wood; seek the rocky shore,
When storms are raging and the billows roar.
We 'll seek the streamlet, and the flow'ry dells;
And roam the moor-land, among heather bells.
Romantic beauty shall enchant your eye,—
Scenes that from memory can never die."
So saying, Geordie cried again "Good night!"
And in the gloaming soon was out of sight.

The night-dews fall; Musella 's gone below;
Stirs up the fire, and makes the embers glow.
The dancing flames, like fairies in a reel,
Fly round the stove and foot it toe and heel.
The kettle 's on, and as it bubbling sings,
With Doctor Watts Musella heavenward springs :—
Sings of the Power that made the mountains rise;
That spread the seas abroad, and built the skies.
There 's some one coming, shouting "smack ahoy!"
'Tis Alf; he 's followed by a Scarbro' boy.
Below they jump; Alf cries, "Musella, see,
Here 's Bobby Shafty come; he wants some tea.
Hand out the bread barge, and the shank of ham;
Our missus left on board some currant jam;
Just hand it here to me; 'tis naught to you;
I mean to have a taste, and Bobby too!"
The kettle boils; the table 's quickly spread;
The boys are busy eating ham and bread;
Jam for dessert; 'tis good; they eat the lot;
And to conceal the deed Alf breaks the pot.
He cries "Here, Musey, you can take the bones;
Just throw them overboard, among the stones:
And, if you split, look out, I 'll rise your rent;
You know the jam on shore with missus went!"
"Nay" answered Shafty, "Musey will not split;
It would be shabby when he got a bit.
There 's honour among thieves in all their ways;
There was and is in these degen'rate days!"
Alf cries, "He knows my meaning; nothing 's wrong;
We 'll clear the table and then have a song.
I 'll sing 'Will Watch' and his brave daring crew;
And when 'tis ended, Musey, call on you."
"Well" Musey answered, "Rome must do as Rome;
And I will sing 'My native Island Home!'"
"Come," Bobby Shafty cried, "strike up the bow;
I 'll sing my fav'rite song 'Dick Turpin O.'

It pleased old Tuzzy Muzzy well tonight,
And all the fellows said I did it right."
The cosy, cabin concert, now begins;
Alf sings 'Will Watch,' and loud applauses wins.
Musella sings about his Native Isle,
Joined in the chorus with a clap and smile;
While Bobby Shafty sings, with strength of jaw,
The bold adventures of the famed outlaw.
The lads are happy; all their fears have fled;
Till startled by loud footsteps overhead.
"Fly Bobby, fly!" cries Alf, "here comes the crew!"
And Bobby sprang; through the nor'wester* flew.
Alf, pointing, whispered "Musey, close the scene!"
The slide was drawn; Alf cried "There, all 's serene!"
Down came the crew—old Father Will and Bing;
They 're too far gone to either swear or sing.
They just can manage to their bunks to crawl;
Bing 's snoring soon; Will raves about the trawl.
The lads retire to rest; the concert 's o'er;
The glim is doused; and Shafty 's gone on shore.
All 's silent as the grave, save Willie's dreams,
And now and then a rat peeps out and screams.
The fire 's died out; the moments wing their way;
For nights of June are like the frosts of May.
The skipper 's come, and, with the tiller head,
He makes a din enough to wake the dead;
And roars "All hands on deck; a bonny morn;
To stay here roosting we shall get no corn!"
Upon deck come the crew; the sails they set,
There 's lodgings soon beside the pier to let.
They loose the moorings and away she goes;
Sails to the Southward, to the Northward tows.
By night and day they ply the greedy trawl;
Tide after tide they shoot away and haul;
And every morning bring their fish to shore,
Fresh for the market; go in quest of more.

* A passage from the smack's cabin to the hold.

Week after week, five days they work the gear;
The sixth and seventh lie beside the pier:
And Geordie Finley never fails to come;
He takes Musella to his cottage home.
Together in the sunny meads they rove,
Or by the streamlet in the leafy grove.
Charmed by the music of the birds and bees,
They tell their tales beneath the waving trees.
Till sparkling dewdrops gem the closing flowers,
They hold sweet converse in the fragrant bowers;
Then wander home, through fields of golden grain,
And bid "Good night!" in hope to meet again.

Twelve weeks have passed; the vessel 's out at sea;
Things are not cheering as they ought to be.
Thrice they have lost the net, and snapped the beam,
And sipt too freely of the brewer's cream.
All 's wrong on board; the lads have little ease;
The men are bears, past human skill to please.
The trawl is down; there 's little wind today;
With flapping sails the smack makes little way.
The crew are on deck, gazing on the deep;
They 've had so much of bed they cannot sleep.
The lads are busy, making clean below;
Without much telling they their duty know.
The dinner 's over, and, without delay,
The pots and pans are washed then cleared away.
"Boy take and light my pipe," cries Father Will;
"Then bring the kettle upon deck to fill."
The lad obeys, up with the kettle goes;
Will takes black Susey; down the spout he blows;
Then gives a swig; there 's nothing in but leaves:
The kettle with a frown, the boy receives:
And, with an oath, old Willie lifts his toe;
Kicks Musey and the kettle down below:
Into the hold they fall, upon the stones,
Black Sue is bruised, and so are Musey's bones.

"Come Daddy," cries the skipper, "that won't do;
Boys are not here to be abused by you.
Such work as this will never do for me;
I 'm skipper yet, and that I 'll let you see!"
"All right," cries Willie, "leave with all my heart!
I 've no objection if you wish to part.
More smacks than parish churches can be found;
One 's waiting for me somewhere, I 'll be bound!"
"Go," cried the skipper, "if you will you may;
I want no man against his mind to stay.
You 've bent my kettle; nearly killed the lad;
All I 've to say, such work is over bad!
Come, man the wink* Bing; let us get the gear;
'Tis very little use us staying here.
We 'd better lie beside the pier embalmed,
Than stay here growling on the sea becalmed!"
Up comes the beam, and inboard comes the trawl,
With fish enough to grace a fish-wife's stall.
"Men, trim the sheets," the burly skipper cries:
The sheets are trimmed, and home the vessel hies.
Ere she is moored the stars are shining bright;
The week's work 's done, for now 'tis Friday night.
The skipper 's gone on shore, the crew to bed,
But not before they 've broken Musey's head.
The morning comes; the fish is sent on shore;
A busy day; the sole-rope 's sadly wore.
The sails must be replaced; through wear and tear
They 're shaking ripe; and mellow is the gear.
On deck all 's bustle till the sun goes down;
Sails going up and coming from the town.
The summer 's over; for the autumn gales,
They 've changed the vessel's gossamers for sails.
They 're bent and stowed; the net receives its due;
The deck is cleared; ashore have gone the crew.
Hurrah! once more the lads are by themselves;
They sing for joy and skip about like elves.

* Winch.

Alf cries, "Aye, lad, we 'll have a spree tonight;
I 've sold my stock*, see, here 's three shillings bright;
And fourpence in each shilling is your due;
Here, take the one, and I will keep the two.
And, if you choose on shore with me to go,
A first-rate house for lads to you I 'll show.
Old Tuzzy Muzzy's is the shop for me
And Bobby Shafty, when we come from sea!
Hand down the water-casks; hand down the coals;
I 'll show you how to stow them in their holes.
Hand here the taters†; they must come below;
The beef must forward, in the salt tub, go."
There 's some one coming, whistling, on the pier;
'Tis Bobby Shafty; Alf cries "Bob, what cheer?
I 'll join you soon; now, Musey, clear away,
For I am going; you intend to stay.
Aye, you are silly, lad, to stay behind;
I 'll stop and help you if you 'll change your mind.
We 'll have a wash, and then we 'll go in style;
And you can sing about 'My Native Isle.'
Come, Musey; don't be stupid! will you go?"
Musella, smiling, said, "I tell you 'No!'
I 've suffered plenty through such spots and beer:
They may suit you, but I am better here!"
"Then stay," cried Alf, "and sing your baby hymns;
You 're full of nothing else but silly whims:—
Upon the blower learning how to write;
Your school may do, but not for me tonight!"
"Come, Alf," cries Shafty, "it is growing late:
Aye, what a time to let a fellow wait.
We 're losing all the fun; 'tis over bad
To stay there preaching to a gauvy lad!"
Alf shouts "Aye, Bobby, I 'll be with you soon;
Without a rub they 'll think I 'm some baboon.
I 'll wipe my mug, and don my guernsey blue.—
As you are ship-shape I must be so too!"

* Crabs and oysters—the lads' perquisites, † Potatoes.

"Well," Shafty answered, "I am for a spree;
Don't be so nice; you 're clean enough for me."
"I've done," cried Alf, "just let me light my pipe:"
And off they toddled, singing "Cherry ripe."
"Work," sighed Musella; "work and little play:
Here 's much to do, and he who 'll labour may.
But virtue, some day, will receive its due,
Though never here, among a drunken crew.
If my aunt Esther just could come and see,
I really wonder what she 'd think of me.
She would be grieved, I know; she 'd say 'Oh, fie!
'How came you, sir, with that disgraceful eye?'
I wonder, shall we ever meet again;
Not yet! I 'll suffer, but will not complain:
For no one knows me here, nor cares for me;—
Yes, there is Geordie! where can Geordie be?
He has not come; I 've listened for his tread:
There 's something wrong; I fear his mother 's dead."
And, saying this, the boy his work begins—
Puts all the groceries into their tins;
Then makes the cabin cosy for the night;
Black-leads the stove, and rubs the fender bright.
And having tried his skill upon the place,
He tries it next upon his hands and face.
At length, primmed up, his supper he prepares;
The week is ending, with its busy cares.
He from a locker takes a dingy book,
And, roving, spends an hour with Captain Cook.
But, as he cruises on the icy deep,
The sun goes down; he, nodding, falls asleep;
And soon is startled by the growl of bears—
There 's no mistake, one has him by the ears.
"Is supper ready, boy?" yelled drunken Bing;
Ye little owlet; aye, I 'll make you sing!
Is supper ready?" "No!" the lad replied:
"Well, I am ready; then I 'll tan your hide!"

And from the locker he a rope-end drew,
Then lynched the boy till he was black and blue.
Old Father Will cried "Warm him well, my son;
You please me now,—I glory in the fun!"
And, as he spoke, poor Alf came crawling down;
Will, turning, grinned,—beheld him with a frown;
And cried "Eh, Daddy? been upon the spree?
You 've had some beer; that 's very plain to see!"
And, saying this, he gave the lad a pick;
Alf stumbled on the floor; received a kick;
But, jumping up, he, with a well-aimed blow,
Knocked Willie down, and trampled on the foe:
Then, springing to the locker, seized a knife,
Cried "Mutiny, ye tyrants; life for life!"
Bing knew no fear, and with a sudden bound,
Sprang as a lion pounces on a hound:
Disarming Alf, he yelled, and stamped, and swore;
Broke up the table; from the wreck he tore
The shattered leg; he with this cudgel brayed
The screaming lads till they for mercy prayed.
The ruffians slept; Musella crept to shore;
Walked from the smack, and never joined her more.

The Autumn wind blows cold and whistles shrill;
Musella wanders on the Castle Hill.
The night is cheerless; weary and forlorn,
Alone he paces till the break of morn.
He muses on the past dark days of yore;
His heart is sad; all 's gloomy on before.
A stranger, helpless, where can he seek bread?
Or find a shelter for his aching head?
"Why am I thus?" he sighed; "Where shall I go?
Back to the tyrants who abused me? No!
Too long I 've borne the yoke; the captive 's free;
Guide, gracious Heav'n; oh, hear a wand'rer's plea!"
Slow moved the weary hours; at length the sky
Again was radiant with vermilion dye.

The sun is shooting up his golden beams;
With rosy hues the distant woodland gleams:
And, as the boy beholds the glorious scene,
He hears a rustling on the dewy green;
And, turning round, a fisher-lad stands near,
Who, with a merry laugh, cries "Jack, what cheer?
What ails thee, lad? I think thou looks half dead:
Some craft, I see, has shimm'd thy figure-head!"
"My name 's not Jack, nor Tom," the boy replied.
"Then, prithee lad, what is 't?" the stranger cried.
"Whate'er it be thou art a piteous case,—
All dither dotherum; aye, and what a face!
Come, tell me what they call thee; is it Bill?
What makes thee dother so? hast had a pill?"
"My name 's Musella," cried the shiv'ring lad:
"To meet with somebody I am so glad.
All night I 've wandered on this hill alone,
Till in my frame I 've scarce an easy bone.
You see yon smack, beside the light-house pier:
Last night the crew were drunken—mad with beer.
They came on board, and, in their savage glee,
With rope and wood half murdered Alf and me.
I am not bound; they cannot make me stay;
Go back I won't; but have not run away.
I 've left: my cause for leaving they know well;
And very soon the skipper I will tell.
You see my arms and legs are black and blue:
I 'll never sail again with such a crew."
"Nay," quoth the lad, "not thou; thee come with me,
And our awd fellow for hisself shall see.
T 'awd woman 's up; and thoo can warm thee nose;
Then in the chimney corner have a doze.
I knaw a man who wants a prentice lad—
One used to sea, without a home or dad.
Thou 'st just the chap; I guess thou 'rt friendless here:
From friends away thou has 'nt much to fear.

A first-rate spot! I knaw they 'll use thee well;
Three months or more I 've sailed with him mysel.
They 're quite religious, honest, kind, and free;
And never will on Sundays go to sea.
On Monday morning we 're for Yarmouth bound;
To spend ten weeks upon the fishing-ground.
Our nets are all on board, and down belaw;
We don't go trawling; we for herrings go.
I stow the nets; can do it, lad, in style;
And thoo belaw will have the warp to coil.
Six bob a week, I guess, thy wage will be;
But try for eight, as thou art used to sea."
And, saying this, they reached his mother's door;
'Twas up a lane, paved with round stones before.
"Is that thoo, Neddy?" shouts the shrill-toned dame;
"Lad, hoo thoo clatters, when thoo journies hame.
And what is this? thoo lazy good-for-nowt;
I meahn the laddie thoo hez wi' tha browt."
"Well," answered Neddy, as he eyed the boy,
"'Tis what I call a weather-beaten hoy.
I found him lying-to, for morning light:
By what he says he 'd heavy wark last night:—
Two body-bruisers boarded him for fun;
To save his skin he had to cut and run;
And as he scarcely knew what course to steer,
To find smooth water, I have brought him here."
"Weel, that 's a bonny teeal," replied the dame;
"He 's sum poor lad, from wheeresoe'er he came.
But lads who have no parents have few friends;
They gan te sarve a selfish stranger's ends!
Weel, sure he is a pratty chubby lad:
Gan te the corner there, beside awd dad;
And warm thysen; and get some bread and meat;
Thoo 'rt welcome, laddie; do not fear to eat.
And then we 'll hear what thoo hez got te say:
Hast been a saucy brat and run away?"

"No, ma'am," the boy replied, "I never swear;
And to sauce men, I 'm sure, I never dare.
But, you must know, we have a drunken crew;
And when they're drunk they don't care what they do."
"Nay," shouted Neddy, "view his arms and back;
And then thoo'lt see why he has left his smack!
Cum Nan, and Dickey, dad, and mother, view;
My neame 's nut Ned if that 's nut black an blue!"
"Oh; what a seet!" they all at once exclaimed;
The old man said "We 'll mak the brutes ashamed!
What did thee lad their vengeance thus to reap?"
The boy replied "I only fell asleep.
The supper not being ready when they came,
I, being cabin-boy, bore all the blame.
They gave no orders when they left the smack;
Nor named the hour when they were coming back.
And, as I am not bound, I will not stay;
They cannot make me; if they can they may!"
"Weel dun," cried dad, "thoo gan alang wi' me;
Act honour breet and we 'll the skipper see.
Thoo has no rags; if by thysen thoo goes,
Thoo 'll nivver get them—maybee lose thee nose!"
"Stick to the lad!" exclaimed the cautious wife;
"An bring him back, whativver be the strife.
Thoo knaws te Yarmouth he can gan wi' Ned;
Stay here all day, then gan aboord te bed."
"Aye," Colly answered, "lass, leave that te me;
The lad wi' them sal nivver gan te sea.
If yan could get his cloas; whea knaws, I may?
Bud, rags or nut, the laddie sal nut stay!
Ned, thoo gan with us; get thee jacket on;
Leuk savige, lad; they 'll tak thee for a mon!"
And, saying this, away the trio sped,
Bold Colly followed by the boy and Ned.
Down street they hastened, to the skipper's door;
The skipper came; said "Boy, are you ashore?"

"Yes," Colly answered, "only fittin too:—
Why, mon, thoo hez a dotty drunken crew!
I've cum te ax tha if this laddie 's thine;
Thoo 'll maybee think it is neah wark o' mine:
Bud hod a bit; say, is the laddie bund?
If seah I 's standin on a stranger's grund!"
"Well," said the skipper, "Yes,—he sails with me,
Although he never has been bound to sea.
But what 's the matter with the lad and crew?"
"Weel," answered Colly, "see, he 's black and blue!"
"I see," said skipper; "that 's an awful back:
Well, Will and Bing will have to leave the smack.
I've often warned them, but shall warn no more;
On Monday morning they shall go ashore.
A steadier lad than that ne'er went to sea;
'Tis very strange they cannot let him be.
But, never mind, boy; we on board will go:"
Friend Colly smiled; Musella answered "No!
Why should I go again? I am not bound,
And sure for leaving I have ample ground.
But, ere I leave, one favour grant, I pray,—
Give me my clothes, and I will haste away."
"Leave?" cried the skipper; "boy, you must remain;
I am not owner, and your plea is vain.
I 'm duty bound to keep your clothes and bag,
And if you go you leave without a rag!"
"Weel," answered Colly, "skipper, that will do;
Thoo 'st honour breet, but thine 's a blackguard crew;
Cum, lad; they hev na hod; we 'll sail again;
God is aboon the Deil, and will remain!"

Upon Brow Bank the morning sunbeams fall;
The flag waves gaily on the Castle wall;
The old Church bells ring out a merry chime;
Sunshine and music make the scene sublime.
Dame Colly 's busy with her household wares;
Her many duties bring her ceaseless cares.

Six days she 's borne earth's labour, clash, and noise;
The seventh 's one of interrupted joys.
The dinner-pot hangs on the brightened crane,
And, bubbling, sings a soul-inspiring strain.
The busy dame stirs round the broth and sighs—
"Nan, what a tahm thee faither stays!" she cries.
"Gan, Dickey; see if they are cummin back:—
They 're maybe gannin doon abooard the smack."
Away ran Dickey; soon was back again;
Cried "Muther, leuk; they 're cummin up the lane!"
In came bold Colly; said, "Now wife, I 've fun,
And is reet glad the laddie isn't bun.
For liberty is sweet; the laddie 's free;
He in the 'Flamin Star' can gan te sea!
They want a lad what 's been at sea awhile;
He 's just the chap belaw the warp te coil.
I cannot get his rags, but then, thoo knaws,
His weekly wages will procure him cloas.
And Captain Robins is a deacent man;
Te help the laddie he 'll deah all he can."
"Weel, dinner 's riddy," cried the busy dame;
"Thoo's dun thee best; bud 'tis a bonnin shame
The lad sud be abused, and loss his all,—
Bud seah the wakest mun gan te the wall!
Cum, get thee dinner, laddie; nivver mind,
I knaw oor Neddy ti'thee will be kind.
'Tis sumthing, lad ti hev a frind i' need,
An Neddy 's proved hissen a frind indeed!"
The afternoon was spent in social chat;
One and another talked of this and that:
But Ned's chief topic was the Flaming Star,
That often had astonished folks afar.
She was a clipper of the highest style;
He cracked her off and made the old folks smile;
She 'd catch the Flying Dutchman on her way,
Or any other craft, by night or day."

He said "Tomorrow morning we shall sail;
We only want a gentle western gale.
With all sail set, we 'll lead the way, and show
The Yarmouth folks the pride of Scarboro'!"
"Aye," answered Colly, "Neddy, she will sail,
And, i' smooth watther so will muther's pail!
Hast bent thee topsail on a herring's rib?
Thee 'll use some pack-thread for thee flying jib!"
"Well, never mind," cried Ned; "don't make too free;
Come to the pier at morn, and thoo sal see.
We 're maisther of the fleet, all will alloo;—
We were last week and surely must be noo!"
"Wisht, Neddy," cried the dame, "'twould suit as well
If thoo would get thee book and larn te spell.
Booats are thah constant theeam from morn till neet,
And nothing else but booats wi' thee is reet!
Hast neah respect for Sunday efthernoon?
Cum, let this laddie hear tha sing a tune!
Bud stay; the kettle boils we 'll hev sum tea;
And Nanny 's cummed: she 'll sing 'Abide with me!'
Tomorrow mornin thoo wilt sail fra shore,
And weah naws Neddy, we may meet na more,
There 's danger here, there 's danger on the deep;
Vain are our hopes if God refuse to keep!
Tea 's riddy, laddie; draw thee settle near
And mak thysen at heame thou 's nowt te fear.
The bit we hev we 're duty bun te share,
And what thoo gets we varry weel can spare!
I needn't ax tha why thoo hez te roam,
Too plain thy case appears thoo hez na home!"
Musella answered, "Mother 's long been dead;
And many years have passed since father fled!"
The tea is finished; now the tuneful choir
Are snugly seated round a well-packed fire.
'Tis gloomy night; fast falls the patt'ring rain,
At intervals upon the window pane.

Within all's cosy; every harp in tune;
The fire smiles brightly, like the sun in June.
And Nanny sings; the laddies with her join;
The fisher's cot resounds with songs divine.
Air after air the fisher's maiden sings,
And all unite to praise the King of kings.
Time flies; the downy moments wing their flight;
The boy must go; 'tis getting late at night.
Ten strikes the busy clock; the hour has come
When every honest lad should be at home.
"Noo, laddie," cried the dame, "thoo gan wi' Ned;
He 'll show tha wheere te find a cosy bed.
Oor hoose, thoo knaws, is up a narra lane;
'Twill be ten weeks befoore we meet again!"
"Aye," Neddy answered, "cum alang, me tar;
Thoo 'll sleep toneet on booard the 'Flamin Star.'"
Good night! Good night! all chimed in with the dame;
"Good neet, me laddie! I can't tongue thee name."
They sought the yawl; Musella went below;
Thanked Neddy for his care, and bade him go.
Tonight, alone, Musella sleepless lies;
He woos the soother, but she from him flies.
The heart's emotions triumph o'er the will;
He, restless, sighs, "Ye busy thoughts, be still!
The link is broken—home, a long adieu!—
In after years these eyes may gaze on you;
But here, defenceless, for a while I drift
Upon life's ocean, like a helmless skift;
Of every oar and every sail despoiled;
Stript of the very clothes for which I 've toiled;
By adverse winds from home and kindred blown;
A hapless wreck that no man cares to own.
Ah, would I were an ox—my strength and size
Would recommend me—some would grab the prize:
But I a mouse, a shrimp, a wingless bee,
There 's not much honey in a midge like me!

He wants a prentice, and I want a home;
If bound, upon the sea I 'm doomed to roam:
If I refuse, with him I must not stay;
Where shall I drift to if I 'm cast away.
Ted says they 're quite religious, kind, and free.
'Things are not always what they seem to be!'
The bright-leaved ivy throws its mantle o'er
Some viewly tree that 's rotten to the core.
In false religion garbed, the formal saint
Does all his trick'ry, 'neath a mask of paint.
Home to my heart can be no longer dear:
Where is my home? All that I have is here!
Just for the night; tomorrow's light will show:
If this be not my home where shall I go?
I may find favour in these strangers' eyes.
God sends his servants angels in disguise.
He is my friend; in Him will I confide;
The way is gloomy; He shall be my guide!
Farewell dear Leah! Aunt, a long adieu!
The smack may come her calling to pursue;
Your eyes may view her as she nears the shore,
But poor Musella you may see no more.
The stranger's terms are mine, whate'er they be;
I 'll sign the deed, since I am doomed to sea."
Thus he soliloquized; then roved in dreams
Through waving woodlands, and by purling streams.
Blithe, as of yore; with comrades in the bowers
He watched the bee, upon the fragrant flowers;
And listened to the lark that carolled high;
Or chased through dasied meads the butterfly;
Till footsteps on the deck his slumber broke;
He, startled, cried, "Where am I?" as he woke.
And springing from the bed, he stood amazed,
As down the cabin Captain Robins gazed:
Who said, "Young fellow; how came you on board?
I don't let lodgings gratis—can't afford.

You take rare liberties, I must confess;
You've got yourself into a pretty mess!"
The boy replied, "I did as I was told:
I had no home to shield me from the cold;
And Neddy found me lodgings for the night;
Showed me his bed, and said 'twould be all right.
He says you want a boy who's been to sea;
And that your spot is just the spot for me.
I'll coil your warps, if you will me engage;
And you can settle all about the wage."
"Well, well," said Captain Robins, "so I do;
I want a boy,—a bigger boy than you:
But come on deck; perhaps we may agree,
If you are willing to be bound to me.
But first of all I want to know your name,
Your kith and kin, and from what port you came;
And how you came; to me 'tis very clear,
Bound or unbound, you've left some vessel here."
"My name's Musella, sir," the boy replied;
"'Tis many years ago since mother died:
My father lives, I cannot tell you where;
For me and sister he has little care.
I have relations, well-to-do of yore;—
And some are yet;—and many very poor.
I have an aunt; but, let me see,—ah, no;
She's not my aunt, but I may call her so.
She loved my mother, and she cares for me,
And makes me happy when I come from sea.
She's daily looking for me coming back—
And little knows that I have left the smack.
The old 'Gorilla' very soon will go
Back to my bonny Isle where cherries grow."
"Why have you left?" the captain sternly cried;
"Have you your owner and the law defied?
Were you not bound, apprenticed? tell me true;
If you won't tell me I must see the crew."

The boy replied, "One year I've been at sea,
But no indenture has been signed by me.
To have me bound the owner really meant;
I would have signed, but Aunt would not consent.
Three months have passed since we came down this way;
I love the place, and feel inclined to stay.
I've left the smack; for leaving have just cause;—
The crew abused me; broke the owner's laws.
She is a widow, and the smack's her own;
The captain of the vessel is her son.
By her decree no boy shall be ill-used,
But she is absent and I've been abused.
The widow with the vessel came not down;
The captain has a lodging in the town;
And when he's absent—which he needs must be—
The men get drunk, and vent their spleen on me.
The other night they came aboard half mad:
I've seen them drunk but never half so bad.
They broke the table up; and with the stalk,
Belaboured me till I could scarcely walk.
I crawled ashore when they had gone to sleep.
And wandered lonely on yon grassy steep.
Alone I wandered till the break of day;—
Till funny Neddy Colly came that way.
He questioned, listened to my tale of woe,
Begged I would come and let his parents know.
They bade me welcome, gave me rest and food,
And, when my case they rightly understood,
The father took me to the skipper's face,
Proved for himself mine was a legal case.
The skipper owned he could not make me stay,
But, if I would, he'd turn the men away.
If I would not, he'd keep my clothes and bag:—
I chose the latter—left without a rag!
Now, captain Robins, I am hale and free;
And if you want a boy to go to sea,

Just name the wages you will give per week,
Or let me go another berth to seek."
"Well," answered Captain Robins, with a smile,
"Bravo, my lad! I rather like your style.
Sev'n shillings is the wage; I'll give no more;
If you don't like it you can go on shore.
But what about your clothes my lad? ah, no!
I cannot take you thus; you'd better go.
For ten long weeks to ship and go to sea
Without a rag will never do for me."
"Sir," said the boy, "each week my wage comes due,
Pray take and use it; buy me something new.
Ten seven shillings spent with prudent care,
Will surely buy me a few clothes to wear!"
"And so they will, my lad," the captain cried;
"You know the way a wardrobe to provide.
Well I'll engage you; we're to Yarmouth bound;
I'm really glad I such a boy have found.
But bear in mind you cannot stay with me
Unless you give your heart and soul to sea.
When we return, if we come safe and sound,
My home's your home, but I must have you bound.
What say you lad to this? come, speak your mind!
You're not apprenticed till the paper's signed."
Musella answered "Sir, I wish to stay;
I oft have longed from home to get away.
Prepare the paper when you feel inclined;
I'll try to please before and when 'tis signed."
A bonny morn! All's bustle on the pier;
'Tis thronged with children, women, men, and gear;
Friends and relations, people high and low,
Have come to see the yawls to Yarmouth go.
With sails unfurled they're lying side by side,
All ready, waiting for the flowing tide.
Each vessel's crowded; friends have left the shore
To sip with friends their eyes may see no more.

A smoking banquet on each deck is spread;
Come all who will, for luck, and be well fed.
Roast beef, plum pudding—eat and come again;
While there 's a carver none need come in vain.
The barrel 's broached; behold the frothy can;
'Tis passed about; filled is each pot and pan.
The old wives cackle and the lasses scream,
While stutt'ring Cowry cries, "Teem, teem, lads, teem!

Pass round the can, my jolly boys;
We won't the barrel spare;
The owner for our ranting joys
Will all the better fare."

A voice stentorian roars "Well done my lad!
Dick, clap his back, old Cowry's not so bad!
Come fill again; thrice let the can go round;
Success to Captain Robins, outward bound!"
The ale is good; begins to show its might;
Some dance and sing, and others scold and fight.
Young Susy Wildduck's singing in high glee,
And old Bess Naball scarce can stand or see.
A mother, roaring drunk, with doleful strain,
Cries, "Jockey honey, from strong drink refrain;
Attend the chapel when you are away:
I'll pray for you, and you for me must pray!"
But hark! the captain calls; the banquet 's o'er;
"We 're going friends, and you must go on shore."
Now all 's confusion—lasses sigh farewell;
Some leave in silence, others scream and yell:
Some skip like fairies up the rugged pier;
And some top-heavy, aught but straight can steer.
Quaint are the songs which now the welkin ring,
As each bold fisher plumes his vessel's wing.
The pierlings gaze; one vessel skims the deep;
The rest soon follow, like a flock of sheep;
While handkerchiefs and caps, a grand display,
Wave in the breeze, to cheers of "Hip hurray!"

The 'Flaming Star' triumphant keeps the lead,
And rears and prances like a playful steed.
Her flag flaunts gaily in the gentle gale,
That blows off shore and fills each flowing sail.
"Now laddies," cries the skipper, "for a race;—
We're foremost now, and must not lose our place.
Just set the mizen topsail; ease the sheets:
We'll show our friends one of our pretty feats!
Now, Dick and Jim, get the foretopsail bent;
Secure the tie, and let it up be sent.
Quick! hoist away; fear not; the gear is new:
Haul home the tack; and give the sheet its due!
Ted, clear the deck; Musella, go below;
Into the lockers all the lumber stow.
Come on, my hearties, we must lead the van;—
You're in the rear; now, catch me if you can!
Go on, my bonny honey, tooth and nail;
They're helter skelter, running for your tail.
In Yarmouth Haven, lass, tomorrow night,
They'll find you snugly moored, if all goes right!"
And, saying this, the captain smoked and steered
Till daylight and the fleet had disappeared.

'Tis Tuesday now,—a sunny afternoon;
An autumn sky, bright as the sky in June:
The river Yare a polished mirror glows,
Scarce rippled by the voiceless breeze that blows.
The sprightly yacht upon its bosom floats;
The dark-sailed wherry, steam and fishing boats.
Its quays are graced with ships from foreign climes:—
The modern clipper, built to suit the times;
The smoky collier; and the dusty keel;
The commerce of this sandy port reveal.
Here comes the Yorkshire fleet! how fine they glide,
Fann'd by the breeze and favoured by the tide!
The 'Flaming Star,' exulting, leads the way;
See, at her topmast head, a streamer gay;

Upon the sedgy banks the Norfolk boys
Run as she sails, and sing aloud their joys:—

Gay master, O; pray master, O;
Luff your little herring boat on shore:
Bright guineas! no loss! grand stirrings!
Jolly glad to see you once more!
Pluck, master, O! luck, master, O!
When your little boat goes from shore,
Fine weather! no dogs! all herrings!
Pray God send you twenty last more!

"Dick," says the skipper, "hand some biscuits here;
We treat the lads, for singing, once a year."
Forth come the biscuits, and away they fly:
"Throw! throw again!" the scrambling laddies cry.
The vessel glides; the urchins, singing, run;
Each biscuit thrown returns its weight in fun.
"Luck!" cry the lads; then wait each yawl to greet;
And thus, with song, they hail the Yorkshire fleet.
On sail the yawls; their destined port obtain;
Are snugly moored, and for the week remain.
The 'Flaming Star' in years has numbered two;
Warps, barrels, nets, and sails are nearly new.
The nets are fixed; one fleet has gone on shore;
There 's sixty bent, and sixty laid in store;
Each thirty yards, and twelve score meshes deep:
When stretched at sea, they 'll make a decent sweep.
The crew are numbered; six to sea will go;
The captain 's shipped a man named Billy Bo.
On Monday night, all well and weather fine,
They 'll show the fish the mysteries of twine.
The week is ending! Fishermen delight
To spend in social glee the week's last night.
The crews from fifty yawls have gone to town,
To see the stirrings, and to spend a crown.
The lads, tonight don't feel inclined to roam;
They 're busy chatting in their cabin home;
Commenting on the beauties of the place;
They 've had through all the lanes and streets a race.

The skipper 's bought Musell a new rig-out,
To make him decent when he roves about;
And as he 's seen the town by night and day;
With Ned he feels inclined on board to stay.
They talk of many things which they have seen,
Along the thoroughfares, where they have been:
At length, by sleep o'ercome, they know no more,
Till startled by a voice, "Dick, Dick; don't snore!"
Time never wearies in its noiseless flight;
Night follows day, and day succeeds the night.
The sun is rising; in its radiant beams
The river Yare, in all its beauty, gleams.
By its piled margin lie the Yorkshire fleet;
Here all the sisterhood together meet:—
Yawls and farm-boats, from Flambro', Filey, Quay,
And yawls and boats, from Scarbro', Staith, and Bay.
Kind-hearted robust men inhabit these;
With ribbons dangling at their breeches knees:
Gaunt raw-boned fellows, with the weather tanned;
You 'd think from Russia, or some heathen land.
There 's Jenky Rob, Tyke, Cammy Col, Tom Will;—
To give their pedigrees a book would fill.
Their uncouth gibb'rish few can comprehend;
All nations' tongues in theirs together blend.
The game 's begun; they 're up and off ashore;
Arouse, ye sluggards; you must sleep no more!
From boat to boat they clatter in the track,
Just as one hound is followed by the pack.
"Yah hoy," they yell, as on each boat they tread;
"You fellows mean to lie all day in bed:"
And clunter clunter over decks they run,—
A game well known, called "Raising heads for fun."
And heads are risen here, and no mistake!—
The crews of all the fleet are soon awake.
Voice after voice roars out "You 'll drop that game;"
Accompanied by some outrageous name.

Hurrah for smoke! From fifty funnels rise
A cloudy column, filling mouths and eyes;
While kettles clatter, busy laddies run,
Whose hurry-skurry shows their work 's begun.
On board the 'Flaming Star' they're all astir;
Bold Robin Hood* has made sad work of her:—
He 's been below, and hid the frying pan,
And left the lads to find it where they can.
The lads have sought it; when all hope has fled
They find it dangling at the topmast head;—
Gridiron, pan, and kettle, there, at ease,
Go tinkle tankle in the morning breeze.
"Aft," cries the skipper, "lad, the lost is found;
The bells are ringing! don't you hear the sound?"
Aft runs Musella; lets the halliards go;
The kettle, pan, and grill soon come below.
He fills the kettle, amid cheers and smiles;
'Tis on the fire, and very soon it boils.
The breakfast over, Holy Gillie's band
Are all trimmed up; upon the quay they stand:
They're singing hymns, in a wild ranting strain;
Bold Gillie prays, and then they sing again.
'Tis chapel time; he, singing, leads the ranks,
And off they march, a host of ribbon-shanks.
The cooks remain; each man must serve his crew;
This with sea-pie, and that with Irish stew:
Dick holds that office in the 'Flaming Star;'
Behold him cutting suet on a spar.
She is the smallest bee in all the hive,
And he the greatest cook, for clash and drive.
His table is a hatch, turned upside down,
With tins and crock'ry ranged upon its crown.
Some dumpling dust, a noble joint of meat,
With onions and potatoes at his feet,
He 's making a sea-pie of famous stuff;
And Dick 's a first-rate hand at making "duff."

* The Robin-Hood's Bay men.

"Now, lads," he cries, "trim up, away you go;
You 're best ashore for anything I know.
At one o'clock, if you 're at all inclined,
You 'll find a dinner suited to your mind!"
Away goes Neddy, followed by Musell;
They walk and talk, and listen to the bell.
The street is thronged with gents and ladies gay;
They 're off to church, to listen, sing, and pray.
The lads, delighted, hasten with the throng;
A lady joins them as they walk along;
Gives each a tract, and, with a winning smile,
Bids them to come and worship God awhile:—
Says it is pleasant, in God's courts below,
To hear of heav'n, where tempests cease to blow:—
A spirit land of amaranthine bowers,
Where angels walk 'mong ever-blooming flowers:—
A home prepared for all the ransomed blest;
Where all who will may find eternal rest!
The lads comply; approach with rev'rence due;
The lady shares with them her book and pew:
And, unabashed, Musella joins the choir;
The theme is glorious, and his soul 's on fire.
The preacher argues on the better part;
Not to the mind he preaches but the heart.
The sower's seed has not been sown in vain;—
At harvest-home 'twill yield him golden grain.
The sun in its meridian splendour shines,
As each bold fishing-crew its vessel joins.
The weather 's fine; they dine on deck today;
And eat their food in the old-fashioned way:—
Each makes a two-legged table of his knees,
And raised abaft they sit, and sit at ease.
On board the 'Flaming Star' the game 's begun;
The kettle 's on deck, smoking in the sun.
The crew have made sad work of Dick's sea-pie;
They 've cut and come,—there 's nothing to put by.

The dinner over, skipper, laughing, cries,
"Well, this won't do, Dick; you moant make sea-pies.
You make them over good and over small;
Look in the kettle, man; they've eat it all!
Lad, side the pots away, and make all clean;
Set on black Sue:—first tell me where you've been!"
Musell replied "I've been to church with Ted."
The skipper answered "Better been in bed!
You'll go to chapel, if you stay with me:
Go fill the kettle, lad; prepare for tea."
The sun is warm; behold the many crews:
Some read their bibles; others read the news;
Some climb the stays; while others laugh and talk;
Some sleep and snore; and others smoke and walk.
In Holy Gillie's craft they sing and pray;
On board old Tommy Tyke's at cribbage play.
Bold Captain Robins has some friends to tea,—
Men like himself, who earn their bread at sea.
One's Captain Higgins, with his swagg'ring air;—
All bounce and bluster, impudence and stare:
The other's Captain Truman, calm and kind;
He talks with reason, and is more refined.
Hig asks friend Robins where that lad he found,
And if he feels inclined to have him bound.
"Well," says the captain, "yes! His name's Musell;
He's left a smack; they did not use him well;
And as he feels inclined with me to stay,
I do not like to turn the lad away.
But if he stays he stays for seven years;
What think you of him as he now appears?"
"Well," Higgins answered, "yes, perhaps he'll do;
He may or may not be much use to you.
One disadvantage is he's very small,
And, by his build, he never will be tall.
He'd serve much better as a barber's clerk;
In him there's neither honey, bone, nor work!"

"So!" said the skipper, "though not to my mind,
He's friendless, and the best that I can find.
He thinks too much,—at least he does for me,—
Such lads, I'm told, are not much use at sea!
See, there he sits, his finger on his brow;
He'll think when older if he's thoughtful now!"
"Well, well," said Captain Truman, "never mind,
If that's the only fault in him you find.
I like him better for it; he will do;
He'll grow in stature and in knowledge too.
And if, to serve you, he will try his best,
Bear kindly with him; leave to God the rest!"
Hark! Holy Gillie sounds the gospel horn;
Again the ribbon-shanks the quay adorn.
They sing in earnest; shout and pray in style;
Then form in ranks; and, marching, sing the while.
"They're off to chapel," Captain Robins cries;
"Come, we'll be going men; time swiftly flies.
Come Dick and Jim, you'd better with us go;
There's room enough for you and Billy Bo."
Away they fly; the lads are left behind;
Pleased or not pleased they have the yawl to mind.
They go below, and sit and chat awhile;
Then read and sing, the moments to beguile.
Musella tells his life's sad tale to Ned,
Till, weary grown, they tumble into bed.
A busy world is this; clash, clash, and drive;
Again the sun is up, the fleet alive.
With "Pull, ahoy," each wing's spread to the gale;
The tide is bent; they down the river sail.
Again the boys run by the haven side;
Tune their rude harps as on the vessels glide.
The morning's fair; full sail away they sweep,
And soon are out upon the rolling deep.
They cross the Roads,* then through the Gatway steer;
And soon from all the dang'rous shoals are clear.

* Yarmouth Roads.

Far, far away, at sea, at ease they roll;
The 'Flaming Star' is now on Hammond's Knoll.
The day is spent in making right the gear;
The sails are stowed; the deck for action clear.
The sea is oily; and the gannet screams;
His white plumes glowing in the sun's last beams.
"Come," cries the skipper, "men, we 'll shoot away;
Just ship the rollers, and hook on the stay:
We 'll strike the foremast; we 've a canny berth;
And very soon shall see what it is worth.
Haul aft the mizen sheet, and let her drive;
She has stern-way; now men, come, look alive!
See, you young monkey; hand that warp end here;
Then ease away; and see it comes up clear.
Now, every man and lad his station take,
And listen while I my oration make!"
Behold the skipper standing in the bow;
His worsted skull-cap flaunting on his brow;
He to the crew, half-comic, turns and grins,
Then lifts the net and buoy, and thus begins:—

See, the puffing grampus blows;
He a shoal of herrings knows:
We have traps enough to fill;—
Traps to catch them by the gill:
Strong and fine nets, to enthral them;
Brave and willing men, to haul them.
In goes the bowl;
Deep may she roll;
Low may she swim ere we haul to the pole!

Boy, ease the warp, and let her have it right:
When I say 'Hold,' hang on with all your might.
I 'll bend and cast the barrels to the sea;
You give her warp and keep an eye on me."
In go the nets; each man his duty knows;
Dick works the lint; and Jim the lashing throws;
While Ted and Billy pull them from the hold,
Net after net, till sixty leave the fold.

Three fathoms deep, a warp is stretched ahead,
And one mile long deep hung with meshy thread.
The dancing buoys, stretched in a lengthy line,
Float up the corky ropes and deep-sunk twine.
The skipper gives the last net's buoy a fling,
And cries "There, Dick, she for a while may swing!
Now, give her warp; get booted for the foe;
The dogs* are out; we very soon shall know!
Boy, hand the lantern up; we'll show a light;
There's ships about, and gloomy falls the night!"
The skipper walks the deck and sniffs the air;
He knows the smell of dogs, and has a care.
An hour has passed; he stamps, and loudly cries,
"We'll look on, men, for fear the dogs should rise.
If herrings strike the nets, and one should fall,
Those sharks will strip the nets; eat boat and all!"
Up jump the crew; Bill spins the clanker† round;
The skipper ready at his post is found;
And Dick and Jim wait to receive the net;
With leathern aprons on, proof to the wet.
Musella, in the warp-hole, coils below;
Ned, in the net-room, waits the nets to stow.
The net comes home; the lashing is unbent;
Bill stays the winch, just till it aft is sent;
Jim takes the lashing; "Heave away!" he cries;
Musell holds on as round the clanker flies;
Dick grabs the lint, which now is spreading wide,
And gently hauls it o'er the vessel's side.
"Well, skipper, 'tis a grand look on!" they shout;—
"Prime herrings here, as big and plump as trout!"
"Well, are there any dogs?" the skipper cries:
"Naught but one little pup," bold Dick replies.
"Boy," says the skipper, "ease away again;
Just for another hour they may remain."
Out runs the warp; again the lashing 's bent;
The vessel swings until the hour is spent.

* The dog-fish, a small species of shark. † The winch.

Dick counts the sample; just twelve warp* and three;
And finer herrings never swam the sea.
"Come," cries the skipper, "boy, we'll have a fry;
Dick says the fish are prime; we'll taste and try.
To have a banquet we can well afford;
Quick, clean and fry; throw nothing overboard."
"Mind, lad," yelled Dick, "take heed; the dogs swim low;
And if you raise them, overboard you go!"
With blooming hopes the hungry crew retire,
And soon are seated round the glowing fire.
They fry and eat; the lads the cabin clear;
And then all hands in earnest get the gear.
The winch is clanking; they have made a start;
And every man and boy must play his part.
The nets, bespangled, on the broadside fall;
And Dick, in earnest, now begins to haul.
With sudden bound the herrings fly about;
Dick hauls them in, and Jimmy shakes them out.
The deck is crowded; fish sway to and fro;
The vessel rolls; the herrings fall below.
So thick they fall the well is filling fast;
The day is dawning; they've secured three last.
Net after net comes, laden, o'er the wale;
But, now 'tis sunrise, they begin to fail.
The skipper yells, "Bill, spin the clanker, lad;
Men, haul away; the curs are raving mad!"
The men work freely, but the nets are stript;
No fish remains but what are sadly nipt.
The dogs by hundreds through the water fly;
The kittiwakes and gulls whirl, dart, and cry.
Behold the full-scaled herring's varied sheen;
The rainbow's hues on silv'ry mail are seen.
Each back's an em'rald; each expiring eye
Reflects the splendour of the ruby's dye!
The nets are hauled; the herrings thrown below;
The deck washed down; despatched the savage foe.

* Four herrings are a warp.

Up goes the mast, soon followed by the sail;
The deep is smooth; for land, a fav'ring gale.
The skipper takes the helm; they leave the ground;
To market with their finny cargo bound.
"For land," he cries, "full sail; lads, give her sheet!
The first to market the best price will meet.
Get breakfast over and then clean the nets;
And mend the breaches made by Dick's grey pets!"
"Aye," Dick replied, "they're bonny pets indeed!
Such bonny pets we can't afford to feed."
And, seizing up a dog, he clashed its head
Against the rail, and roared out "Dead, dead, dead!"
A busy spot is Yarmouth Roads, well known,
To wind-bound captains, coming up and down.
Here coasters shelter from the winter storms;
In herring-time, with fishing craft it swarms.
Each morn their silv'ry store they bring to land;
'Tis sold and boated; carted from the sand.
The busy merchants keep a watchful eye
On what fish comes, and which is best to buy.
Swills* crowd the beach in heaps; some stand in rows:
Each merchant, by the brand, his basket knows.
There's been no extra catch of fish this year;
If any comes, for it the market's clear.
Here comes the 'Flaming Star' abreast the town;
Whizz go the halliards and the sail runs down;
Out goes the anchor; off the merchant rows;
The catch is sold; and soon ashore it goes.
For twenty pounds a last,† in shining gold,
Three lasts, six hundred, silv'ry fish are sold.
Now with a scoop, waist deep, Dick stands below;
His bus'ness is on deck the fish to throw.
And now the work of counting out begins;
Six score's a hundred;—five of men and pins.
The skipper, with his chalk, upon a board,
Marks every hundred down as it is scored.

* A kind of large basket. † Ten thousand.

The crew count out the fish the readiest way;
They call four one; for hundred "tally" say.
For hours they labour; all at length are told;
The deck 's washed down; the bitten fish are sold;
The anchor 's weighed; the sails are set once more;
And soon they 're many miles away from shore.
'Tis thus they sail by day, and fish by night;
Contend with storms; with unseen dangers fight;
And earn their bread upon the mighty deep;
Rocked by rude billows while the landsmen sleep.
Thus days, and nights, and weeks, and months, pass by;
They 're out and in; their nets to bark and dry;
To sell their fish; the sabbath days to spend;
When storms set in the enterprise must end.
"Home, home, sweet home!" how charming is the sound
To friends long parted, who are homeward bound:—
'Tis heav'n to contemplate the bliss in store
For some beloved ones who may meet once more:
But woe 's the heart, and secret are the tears
Of the lone wand'rer, as through life he steers.
The smiling mask he wears serves to conceal
A wounded spirit naught on earth can heal.
The season 's over, or at least 'tis here;
The Yorkshire fleet, on Monday, homeward steer;
In Yarmouth haven all the boats are moored,
Along the quay, to get their stores on board.
'Tis Saturday; they 're lying side by side;
The day is fine; they 've got their nets well dried;
The men are busy getting them on board,
With many other things that have been stored.
Upon the whole it 's been a prosp'rous game;
They 've had rough weather since from home they came;
But all the crews are well, throughout the fleet;
And wear blithe faces when they walk the street,
They 're off to buy some presents for their friends,—
A fisherman, 'tis known, his money spends: —

Though rough his manner, shopmen like to see
The jolly fisher, wheresoe'er he be.
The 'Flaming Star,' though least among the yawls,
Has done the best; she 's had some famous hauls!
And, better still, in spite of heavy gales,
She 's brought in fish; they 've had some famous sales.
All 's joy on board; the skipper 's down below;
Has lots of brass; he 's paid off Billy Bo.
Dick 's made a draw, and Jim and Neddy too,
But, "all 's serene," they 've lots of money due.
Musella 's on deck, looking very sad;
But here comes Neddy crying "Cheer up lad!
The skipper wants you; don't pull that long face;
You 're going with us when we leave the place!"
Down goes Musell; the skipper, with a smile,
Says, "Now, my boy, about your cherry Isle:
We 're going home, and if you wish to stay
Speak out, for if you 'll go with us you may.
You suit me well—have acted well your part;
Though small in stature you 've an honest heart:
And if to share my home you feel inclined,
You shall go with me; come, boy, speak your mind!"
"Yes, sir," Musell replied; "I wish to stay;
And if you 'll bind me I 'll be bound today.
I 'll do my best to please; but, sir, you know
'Twill be no fault of mine if I don't grow!"
"Nay," laughed the skipper, "boy, not yours indeed!
The Shetland pony cannot help his breed:
But there are donkeys who have stunted ears;
I 'm not inclined to keep an ass for years.
By what I 've seen, you have a wish to please,
And you in me may see a mind to teaze.
But never heed, boy; I have proved you sound;
I 'll take you with me; shortly have you bound."
And, saying this, he from his pocket drew
Some pale-faced geordies; gave the laddie two;

And bade him go ashore, and have a run,
To buy some trinkets, and to see the fun.
The crew have gone; will soon be back again;
On board the vessel some one must remain,
To keep a sharp look out, for well they know
Mischievous Robin Hood will come below.
Dick 's hove in sight, with twenty jolly men,
And, by their plumage, all are from one pen.
They 've had some beer; are singing as they come;
The burden of their song is "Home, sweet home!"
One has a fiddle; Jim a baby's chair;
And all have something in the basket ware.
Dick 's bought a cradle; Tommy Tyke a doll;
And Jenky Rob a reticule for Poll.
They 've Jews-harps, tambourines, all kinds of toys;
There 'll be some music soon—if music's noise.
Ted and Musella now are in high glee;
They 're up and off, the busy town to see.
The lamps of heav'n are bright; the lamps below—
The shops, by gaslight—in all colours glow.
As jackdaws gather in their noisy play,
So lad meets lad, while cruising on the way,
With "What cheer, shipmate? Shafty, is that you?"
Till the small off-set numbers twenty two.
And now the work of devilment begins;—
They 're blowing peas, and kicking ladies' shins;
With "Beg your pardon, ma'am; yon lad pushed me!"
"Now, drop it, Sligo Jimmy; can't you see?"
Hark! there 's a row; away the laddies run;
A market fight, to them, is glorious fun.
"Fair play," they scream; 'tis two old Norfolk wives:
They stand like men, and wield the box of fives.
A rare treat this for lads; they yell and shout;
Throw orange skins, and push the folks about;
Till one, selected, makes a noble fall;—
Crash go the boards; down comes an apple stall.

Run, run, my lads! there 's danger in the rear:
They scatter wide, and through the alleys steer;
Then meet again, and chuckle o'er the scene;
Eat oranges and smoke; 'tis "all serene."
They 're off aboard; are walking side by side;
'Tis getting late; they 've got their wants supplied;
Have viewed the shops, and seen them great and small;
And made a purchase at an old-book stall.
Musell 's selected one from out a heap—
A dictionary—and he's bought it cheap.
He 's off to show his treasure to the crew,
And has a strong desire to read it through.
'Tis changing hands among his learned friends;
Bob Shafty says 'tis naught but odds and ends:
Declares he never saw a fonder book:
Calls Badger Joe and Scant to have a look.
They both agree that Bobby Shafty 's right,
And that Musell 's "done brown" in black and white.
The quay is gained, they separate good friends,
Are soon on board, and thus the frolic ends.

The Sunday 's spent much in the usual way,
Save there is extra music for the day:
And Holy Gillie utters awful groans
In answer to the fife and horrid drones.

On Monday morning, with the ebbing tide,
The fleet haul out, and down the haven glide.
Though shy at first, the wind to south-west veers;
They crowd on sail, when free from Yarmouth piers.
With flowing sheet, they bid the port "Good bye!"
And off, like frightened crows, they homeward fly.

Old Scardeburg 's been extra still awhile,—
Not that there 's been a scarcity of toil,—
But for ten weeks the yawls have been away,
And should have all been back by Sittings day.*
"Tomorrow 's martinmas; 'tis very queer!
There 's something wrong!" thus goes the gossip here.

* The annual Statute Hirings.

'Tis Tuesday now; cobles are on the sand;
They 've had a shot, and brought their fish to land.
Old wives are yoking up the lines to bait;—
A goodly muster, and no end of prate.
"There 's summat wrang!" says woeful Bess to Sue:
"'Tis knawn te me—a secret knawn te few.
I heerd awd Colly say there 's summat wrang,
An sum fahn wives al sing a dowly sang!"
"Hey," answered Susy, with a deep-drawn sigh,
"Mah dhreeam las neet showed sum disasther nigh.
When meermaids, on the wather, join i' sang
There 's mischief brewin, lass, an summat wrang."
"What 's wrang? ya jades," cried Jamie, with a sneer;
"There 's nothing wrang unless it 's you wi' beer.
The yawls are reet, and cummin roond the Head,
Wi' flags aloft, an all their canvis spread.
Just tak mah glass if you 've a sober ee;
See for yersen, befoor you speed a lee!"
"Hey, seer aneeaf, they 're cummin," Bess exclaims;
"Sue, tak a peep; thoo 'll see em, an their names!"
"Oh, what a corney, Betty!" Jamie cries;
"Lass, thoo 's a fost-rate hand at coinin lies!"
Away fly Bess and Sue, to spread the news;—
Fame's trumpeters;—the best that she can choose.
"The yawls are cummin!" echoes through the street:
They tell the news to every one they meet.
"The yawls are cummin!" Lads take up the song;
And lasses scream it as they trip along.
"The yawls are cummin!" People throng the pier:
One's gained the port; the rest will soon be here.
In quick succession hastens on each sail;
Another 's come; another 's at her tail.
There 's hearty greeting as each boat arrives;
A joyful meeting too of men and wives.
And maidens blush, as happy lovers smile;
And scraps of news are dealt about the while.

At length the fleet are moored; fast fades the day;
The crews pack up their bags and march away,
To share the joys of home in social glee,
And tell the dangers of the rolling sea.
Musella's sheltered from the wintry storms,
And blithely sings as he his work performs.
Too small in cobles, on the deep to roam,
Week after week he mends the nets at home.
He labours cheerfully; hears voices kind
Breathe consolation to his tim'rous mind.
Not long a stranger; those who know him well
Speak freely of him now as "Our Musell;"
And introduce him to their dearest friends,
Where he the leisure hour of evening spends.
Books are his sole delight; at home he reads;
And when abroad his mind with knowledge feeds.
The yawl's dismantled;—laid by till the spring;
The fishermen now work with hooks and string.
They risk the winter gales in cobles small;—
A vent'rous game which they long-lining call.
In these frail open boats, with sail and oar,
Three lusty men, ere daylight, leave the shore;
To shoot their lines upon the ebb, and ride;
Then quickly haul them with the flowing tide.
Each man takes four; and three lines span a mile;
When on a skep* each makes a lengthy coil;
Bent end to end, and stretched along the deep,
With bowls† and tows‡ they make a four-mile sweep.
The snuds are horsehair, drawn and neatly spun,
Then on the cord in equal spaces run.
Each snud is furnished with a hook of steel;
The baitster must each treach'rous barb conceal.
Eight score and sixteen small hooks form the line;
Of larger hooks are added thirty-nine.
Worms, flithers§, mussels, eels, are used for bait;
To catch cod, halibut, ling, wolf, and skate,

* A kind of flat basket † Buoys made of sheep skins. ‡ Corked Lines.
§ Limpet (Patella Vulgata).

And haddock, turbot, brill, no matter what;
If saleable they take, and murmur not.
The cobles off, the lasses, lads, and wives,
At early dawn, prepare their flither-knives.
They muster strong, beside the old church wall,
And, as they rub their knives, they yell and squall;—
"Cum on, you Bess! cum Nan, we will not wait:
The rocks are dry; cum on; we're boon for bait,
To Haybourn Wyke; cum lasses, cum away;
We 'll hev sum bait; we 'll hev sum fun teday.
Scared by oor knives, aye Bess, I 'll bet a croon
Sum hobuck* runs befoor the sun gans doon.
Awd muther Mugs, that sells bad yal† for brass,
Sal see her feace high-polished i' the glass!
Hurray for Cloughton! muther Mugs will swear;
Cum on, me lasses, we sal seean be there!"
Away they march, red petticoats and creels;
Jen leads the way, with twenty at her heels;—
The merriest regiment that e'er was seen,
Preceded by a gaunt romantic queen.
Each head is with a silken kerchief bound,
Then by a mingled cottage bonnet crowned.
They swing their muffled arms and stalk along;
One strikes the tune, and all unite in song:—

"Gaily breaks the morning; off we go;
While the lazy and lame are sleeping,
To the tangled rocks, where flithers grow,
Down where the white billows are leaping.
Merrily along, we laugh and jeer,
While the pampered lassie lies dreaming,
Away to the rocky scar we steer,
Where the sea-moll‡ is loudly screaming.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, on the cold grey road,
All winds and weathers scorning;
With empty creel§ or heavy load
We trip it night and morning.

* Farm servant. † Ale. ‡ Larus Canus. § A basket.

Oh, a dauntless band are we I trow,
When we sally forth in the morning!
Let the laughing fool and sneering foe
Beware of a "Scarborough warning."
Hurray, for the Scar-lass, true and kind;
With her bright eyes and teeth so pearly;
Nymph of the rocks, she sports in the wind,
As she sings on the lone scar early.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, on the cold grey road;
All winds and weather scorning;
With empty creel or heavy load,
We trip it night and morning!

A crowd of folks are gath'ring on the sand,
All shapes and makes, to see the cobles land:—
Fish buyers,—noisy burly swagg'ring chaps;
Blue-aproned stall-wives, in their thick-frilled caps;
And lads and lasses,—baitsters with their yokes,—
Amuse the lookers-on with ribald jokes.
Here comes a coble, with her scaly store;
Down goes the sail; the fish is brought ashore.
Tier after tier upon the sand 'tis spread;
None cry out "stinking fish;" 'tis not yet dead.
"Fish!" cries the skipper; "buyers, here 's your sort!
Come, bid away!" One says, "I 'll please you for 't!"
The fish is sold; another lot arrives;
'Tis thus disposed of, to such men and wives;
Packed in strong hampers, strawed and tightly bound;
Then sent to mongers all the country round.
The day's work's done; the fishermen go home;
Again, ere morning, on the ocean roam.
The baitsters, trudging, lug the lines away;
Bait and prepare them for the coming day.
Musella 's there among the noisy throng:
As, homeward bound, he bears two lines along,
He meets his old friend Geordie: as they walk;
Of scenes transpired and present scenes they talk.
Poor Geordie 's lost his mother; sad is he;
Next week he makes his trial trip to sea.

His ship 's a brig, bound to some foreign shore;
Friends may be parted soon to meet no more.
Green grows the grass upon his mother's grave;
But hope blooms bright across the stormy wave.
They part in silence, for their sad "Good byes"
Are not in words, but looks and heartfelt sighs.
Musella journeys on his weary way:
He 's work to do, and little time to play.
A beatster, through the day the nets he mends,
Then baits the lines before his labour ends.
Yet he is happy here, amid his toil,
If his poor efforts do but win a smile.
The lad is bound, and years have passed away;
He 's learnt his gamut, as some people say;
Can mend a net, bait lines, repair a trawl,
And row a coble, tack and steer a yawl.
In three months' time his servitude will end,—
At least all that he means on sea to spend:
It never was his choice, and ne'er can be;
From galling fetters he will soon be free.
If there 's a crust for him to earn on shore
He is resolved to go to sea no more.
All 's wrong with him; his mind is not at ease;
Long he has tried, but tried in vain, to please.
He does his work; obeys his master's laws;
But all may see his heart 's not in the cause.
He 's too retiring and has ever been,—
Among the fisher lads he 's seldom seen:
Not that he better thinks himself—not he—
For he 's no better than he ought to be.
Time passes on, with many a changing scene;
All is not labour, nor is all serene.
He, by experience, proves, on land and sea,
"Things are not always what they seem to be!"
The world, to him, is not a desert drear;—
Lovely, around, the works of God appear:

The ways of men perplex and vex his mind;
All are not bad, but selfishly inclined.
Spring, lovely spring; blithe ever-welcome guest;
When earth is mantled in her em'rald vest;
When dewy flow'rets spangle hills and vales,
And woodland songsters tell their am'rous tales.
Such rural beauties never fail to raise
Fond recollections of our early days,
When, careless-hearted, in our sportive glee,
We gathered bluebells from the verdant lea.
'Tis Whitsuntide: Musella seeks the vale,—
The lovely Forge*—to gather lilies pale.
By silv'ry Derwent he pursues his way;
The busy boat-flies on its bosom play.
Forget-me-nots, all bathed in pearly dew,
Have opened wide their bonny eyes of blue:
And meadow-sweet, like a young joyous bride,
Throws its light shadow in the crystal tide.
The sun shines brightly; cloudless is the sky;
The lark sings sweetly, as it soars on high.
Odorous blossoms gem the waving trees,
And yield their fragrance to the tuneful breeze.
The rugged hills are clothed in forest pride;
Steep mossy slopes fall down on either side;
Where rose and woodbine twine, in green arcades,
O'er gurgling fountains, grots, and rocky shades.
"I would," Musella sighed, "poor Seth was here;
Romantic grandeur would his spirits cheer:
How sad that one with such a noble mind,
With such rare gifts, and with a soul refined,
Should be shut out from pleasing scenes like these,
Where every object wins the eye to please.
Monotonous, through life, must be his way,—
A narrow range while others sport and play.
Blithe-hearted, he would fain the woodland rove;
He loves the flowers, and birds, and sunny grove.

* Forge valley, near Ayton.

I've culled a posy; he of flowers sings;
And I've a harp; though rude, I'll sweep its strings.
Thus saying, seated on a fallen tree,
Musella tuned his home-spun minstrelsy:—

"Sweet lilies, fair lilies, I'll bear you away
To yonder lone garret, where, day after day,
Sits one who knows well how such treasure to prize;
I know such rare beauty will gladden his eyes:
For, day after day, he sits musing alone;
He sings of wild flowers;—the thoughts are his own;
And, when he beholds you, I'm sure he'll not fail
To sing of the lily that blooms in the vale.

Ah! would he could ramble the woodland with me,
And list to the bird and the musical bee:
I know he has read of bright Eden of old;
But what would he think could its glories unfold:
For this is a paradise—music and flowers—
With its water of life and eglantine bowers;
Its fairy-like grots; and its trees, waving green;
Enraptured he'd gaze, could he view the gay scene;
But there, in his garret, lone, thoughtful, and pale,
He sits while the sweet lilies bloom in the vale.

Sweet vale! all your beauties for him glow in vain;
He never will wander the woodland again.
The cuckoo sings loud in the ivy-clad tree;
Upon its light branches the squirrel bounds free.
The violet peeps from its soft mossy bed;
The green sod, all over, with daisies is spread.
Here melody, fragrance, and beauty, unite;
And all that is lovely, the eye to delight:
But yonder sits Seth, in his huge oaken chair,
Or crawls to the garden, to breathe the pure air.
He's waiting for me, with a song or a tale:
I'll bear him sweet lilies, all fresh from the vale.

Sweet lilies! fair lilies! I'll bear you away,
To yonder lone garret, where, day after day,
Sits one who knows well how such treasure to prize;
I know such rare beauty will gladden his eyes:
For, day after day, he sits musing alone;
He sings of wild flowers;—the thoughts are his own:
And, when he beholds you, I'm sure he'll not fail
To sing of the lily that blooms in the vale."

The busy turmoil of the day is done;
All nature's radiant with the setting sun:

Sweet evening hour, when happy lovers stray,
And cronies dear their friendly visits pay.
Seth 's snugly seated in his cosy room,
Which some who see might say required a broom:
Its dingy floor is thickly strewn with chips;
The dusty shelves with spars and model ships.
There stands a dock-yard, with its shears and blocks;
A noble vessel that upon the stocks;—
The very image of "The widow's pig:"*
If it 's not her 'tis some old-fashioned brig
That 's been disabled in the recent gales,
And lost her foremast head and quarter rails.
In systematic order, side by side,
See implements, strung with a string of hide:—
Saws, chisels, gimlets, brad-awls, pliers, rules,
Knives, hammers, scissors, and all kinds of tools.
The walls are hung with diagrams and charts;
For he 's a student of the learned arts:—
Can write a poem, navigation teach,
And of the planetary systems preach:
Can sketch, draw teeth, and make a magic pill;
For e'en in pharmacy he has rare skill.
The boxes, phials, parcels, placed around,
Show the beholder this is classic ground.
Beside the window, on a table spread,
Are books, pens, paper; inks, black, blue, and red;
A telescope, a globe, a chart of kings,
A cabinet of shells and curious things.
And this quaint study,—call it what you please,—
Is where Musell has taken his degrees.
Here Seth, a cripple, day by day is found;
Choice brings him here; his home is near the ground.
He has kind kindred, who delight to share
The leisure moments he may have to spare.
Although his limbs contracted must remain,
Not so his mind,—he has an active brain:

* The Margaret, of Scarboro', alias "The Widow's Pig," an old Collier.

And ever has a little job in store,—
A ship to rig, or 'mong the stars to soar;
A sum to work; historic tales to tell;
Or wander round the globe with our Musell,
Who, coming up the stairs, cries "Seth, what cheer?
I've brought you something lovely; see, look here!
In yonder valley, where the streamlets flow,
These green-robed pearly fragrant blossoms blow.
King Solomon, in all his pomp and power,
Was not arrayed like this sweet modest flower."
"Yea," answered Seth, "such beauty makes me glad;
But oh, this parting makes my heart beat sad.
For seven years we 've met, warm-hearted friends;
And when we cease to meet my pleasure ends!
But never heed, lad; it is better so;
The time is drawing near and you must go;
For, if you are resolved to quit the sea,
One mighty effort and the captive 's free.
Heav'n grant you favour on your native shore;
Our parting here will be to meet no more!"
"Not yet!" Musella said, with falt'ring voice;
"Fain would I stay if I might have my choice:
No spot on earth is to my soul more dear;
My bonny, smiling, red, red rose, blooms here.
I needs must go; but go not to remain;—
From bondage free, I will return again.
But hark! the clock! there 's danger in delay,
And I shall prove it if I longer stay.
God bless you, Seth; and heav'n defend the right:
Though loth to leave you, I must say 'Good night!'"
Musella 's free, and many years have fled;
On land and sea a roving life he' s led.
He 's played strange characters on life's rough stage;—
Parts quite exciting to a curious age.
First, in the dawn of life, behold the child,
Left motherless, from home and friends exiled;

Caged from the world, upon a lonely creek,
In squalid wretchedness, week after week.
Yet in his teens, a drunkard's hands to free,
Behold the boy bagged off and sent to sea.
His home 's the deep; he battles with the storm;
And worse,—with demons garbed in human form.
Behold him friendless, on a stranger's ground,
A drifting derelict, picked up and bound.
His freedom 's sold; he suffers taunts and jeers;
A stranger's property; none interferes.
Drudge, drudge, poor lad, before the morning light;
Toil through the day and labour through the night.
Hard is the lot of him compelled to roam,
A self-bound slave from kindred, friends, and home.
Such is the fate of many a wand'rer here,
Left for himself to shift, with few to cheer.
The world heeds not, nor cares to interpose;
He suffers wrong and makes a friend of foes.
Behold him free! the term has passed away:
At twenty-one he scorns tyrannic sway;
Defies the threat "I will your clothes detain!"
And, barely decent, seeks his home again.
A wanderer, he earns his daily bread;
Ill clad, no cash, nor place to lay his head:
Too sensitive to beg; not prone to steal;
He suffers what the reckless never feel.
A stranger now, e'en in his native town,
None know him as he wanders up and down.
The poor man's salutation meets his ear,—
"Go where you came from; you 're not wanted here."
Next as an heir at law, the youth behold;
Friends gather round him at the chink of gold.
To serve their purpose he becomes a tool
Till stripped of money, they desert the fool.
Behold him struggling, with heroic pride,
To store his home and cheer his bonny bride.

He now with lit'rature the country strews;
For 'tis his mission knowledge to diffuse:
The wand'ring book-man roams the county round;
Then, a mechanic, at the lathe he 's found.
Next, with his jetty store, like a bold Jew,
He trudges all the midland counties through;
Crosses the wide Atlantic; roams the West;
Then, like a bird, he seeks his native nest:
Tunes his wild harp; and bids them roam who will;
England, with all her faults, is England still.
And last, not least, to earn his daily bread,
He urges a provision for the dead.
Friends, many friends, now hail him with respect;
Would raise their voice his honour to protect.
They've watch'd his dealings and have proved him true;
Nor hesitate to give the honour due.
He 's foes who secretly against him plot:—
The man 's a miracle who has them not!
They say he 's proud; and pride must have a fall;
He who would be thought great the world thinks small.
But there are many who make bold to scan
The human heart, and brand their fellow-man;—
Whose well-school'd minds their own dark deeds conceal
With words of honey, from a heart of steel.
Musella 's mortal;—all are mortal here;
But, though he 's poor, he 's friendly and sincere;
Adores his Maker; loves the good and wise;
And if he steers not straight, at least he tries.
Nature's wild beauties tempt his feet to stray:—
He loves the rocky shore where billows play.
His eye delights in groves, streams, birds, and flowers;
In rocky glens, and ivy-mantled towers.
All that 's romantic for his soul has charms:
He reads in nature's book; his bosom warms.
Lost to the busy world, with pleasing themes,
He roves in fancy as he, walking, dreams.

The Milestones.

This ponderous globe, in immensity cast,
The work of a spirit supreme,
Animated rolls on in eternity vast,
While ages pass by as a dream.

Poor man, its prime masterpiece, springs from his birth
To wander the road on before;
Counts milestones, his years, as he travels the earth,
Stretched on by a sea-bounded shore.

The milestones are hidden from childhood to age;
But one at a time peeps to show
Another mile's passed, and another fresh stage;
Before is the mile he must go.

Perchance he of life the proud summit may gain,
Escaping the dead sea beneath,
Which parallel runs; from yon grey cliff* more plain
He'll behold the still water of death.

This road, when constructed, in Eden began;
Man with the King's favour was blessed;
But proved disobedient, which altered the plan;
The law was for ever transgressed.

Since then earth has been a bleak wilderness wild;
Thorns and briers along the road lay;
Man was lost if the King had not graciously smiled—
Sent his Son down to mark out the way.

For man is a pilgrim in search of a home;
A wand'rer he's been since the fall:
Polluted by sin; doomed in sorrow to roam;
Transgressing he forfeited all.

* "Age is the grey cliff which over-hangs the dead sea."

His permanent home is a country unseen—
A spirit-land gloriously bright;
But death's icy water lies hidden between,
Enshrouded by black clouds of night.

The forty-fifth stone I have passed on the road,
And still I am hearty and hale;
Each mile gives additional weight to my load;
My strength must eventually fail.

The fifth, I remember, was joyously run
By a rosy-faced boy wild with glee—
My heart knew no care, it was bent upon fun,
For life was all sunshine to me.

I soon found the road should be trodden with care;
Pernicious weeds grew in its bowers;
The path on before me was flinty and bare;
Interwoven with thorns were its flowers.

But still I delightfully wandered along—
The tenth stone I passed on the way:
I'd a rudely-strung harp, which I tuned into song,
And lightened my toil with a lay.

Still merrily on all before me was bright—
My soul still a stranger to care;
And stone after stone dawned and faded to sight—
The twentieth was left in the rear.

In the vigour of strength and beauty of health,
While many false notions survived,
Such as glory of fashion and grandeur of wealth,
At stone thirty-five I arrived.

The hill top was level—its summit I'd gained—
'Twas level for only a span;
And, when at the fortieth stone, I complained
The space was too speedily ran.

But onward, descending, I gathered fresh speed,
Against which 'twas useless to strive;
Down, rapidly down, I did onward proceed,
And came to the stone forty-five.

Retrospectively gazing, my heart heaves a sigh,
To think of the course I have run;
The day-spring and noon-tide have faded, while I
Roam on with a fast-setting sun.

All 's dark on before—not a stone can I see—
In gloom all are hidden from sight;
Mysterious, but yet cannot otherwise be;
I 'm running from day into night.

So changed is my form, since the race I began—
So altered at every stage—
A babe, boy, and stripling, then full-blooming man,
And now I am running to age.

A turbulent sea 's at the foot of the hill;
My journey I still must pursue;
I dread that dark water, so dismal and chill,
But know I am doomed to pass through.

How far the dread river may lie on before,
Which all soon or later must find,
To me is unknown; at the margin, I 'm sure,
I shall leave this worn body behind.

Across it, by faith, I behold the bright plains—
A land where the weary find rest:
The sin-tarnished soul must be cleansed from its stains
To enter the realms of the blest.

But sinners may come; there is mercy for all;
A Saviour once wandered below;
He came helpless man to redeem from the fall,
And waits his rich love to bestow.

Behold him, poor pilgrim! yon star beaming bright!
A lamp for the weary who roam!
Beyond the chill flood, o'er the black clouds of night,
A beacon that points out your home!

Silver and Gold.

A sketch of May
On a sunny day.

Composed while walking from Kilham to Driffield, May 20th, 1868.

Silver and gold,
Silver and gold,
Lovely the meadows are now to behold:
Oh! 'tis delightful to view the white lambs
Dancing along by the side of their dams;
Here, for a season released from the fold,
Happy they wander, 'mong silver and gold.
Silver and gold,
Silver and gold,
Happy they wander, 'mong silver and gold.

Music and song,
Music and song,
Charming my ear, as I wander along.
What is the music?—The hand of the breeze,
Sweeping the harp-strings—the bright-foliaged trees.
The voice of the bee and the bird is the song,
Charming my ear, as I wander along.
Music and song,
Music and song,
Charming my ear, as I wander along.

Azure and green,
Azure and green,
Fantastic mountains are sailing between;
Turreted castles, and gold-tinted domes,
Palaces, temples, all vision'ry homes:
Onward they glide in the sun's glorious sheen—
Mountains and castles, 'twixt azure and green.
Azure and green,
Azure and green,
Mountains and castles, 'twixt azure and green.

Ocean and sky,
Ocean and sky,
Hid in your bosoms deep mysteries lie:—
Man's comprehension can never attain
Knowledge of space or the depths of the main:
These are but seen by the All-seeing eye,
Hid in your bosoms deep mysteries lie.
Ocean and sky,
Ocean and sky,
Hid in your bosoms deep mysteries lie.

Sing, nature, sing,
Sing nature, sing,
Glory and honour to Jehovah sing:
Join, all creation, His wisdom your theme;
He, the Creator, is Ruler supreme:
Sing in sweet numbers, let loud anthems ring;
Glory and honour to Jehovah sing.
Sing, nature, sing,
Sing, nature, sing,
Glory and honour to Jehovah sing.

Epistle to F. A. Fairbrass,

Of Milton, in Kent.

The following was sent with a copy of "Wayside Blossoms," Sept. 20th, 1868

Dear Gus, herewith a book I send;
I need not tell by whom 'twas penned,
For if you only will attend,
And view its togg'rel
Stript of its gloss, 'twill soon be kenned
As sterling dogg'rel.

You know for years I've had a jackass—
A merry tuneful braying hack-ass,
A kind of limping roving pack-ass
From town to town:
Not a Miltonic glossy black-ass—
His coat is brown.

Parnassus ever's been my aim:
And some think my Pegasus game,
While others say he is too lame
To scale the mountain:
He loves to sip, however tame,
Castalia's fountain.

But, bless you, Gus! 'tis hard to please
A world that seems inclined to teaze;
So I will trot along, at ease,
The skirt below:—
As lawyers gain heav'n by degrees
I'll upward go.

A poet, while he 's roaming here,
Has very many foes to fear—
Some cut-throat critic, ever near,
Delights to skelp him:
He may have friends and cronies dear
Who fain would help him.

And some there are who feign to smile,
Yet, serpent-like, about him coil,
Into his ear pour flatt'ry's oil,
Which drives him mad;
And, if his heart were free from guile,
They make it bad.

Such fiends around Parnassus dwell:
I 've seen them, and I know them well:
And, if you 'll listen, I will tell
A story true
Of trouble that once me befel,
Unknown to you.

'Twas on a glorious summer noon,
In life's gay month of sunny June;
I with the lark had risen soon,
To taste the fountain;
I 'd got my fiddle well in tune
Beside the mountain.

Here, as I wandered on apace,
I met a proud sarcastic face,
That scowled to meet me in the place:
With scornful eye
He said mine was a piteous case,
And cried "Oh, fie!

How came you here, on classic ground,
Base slubber-gudgeon? whither bound?
Would you be with Apollo crowned,
In yonder temple?"
He doubtless thought my brain unsound,
I looked so simple.

I answered with a voice sincere,
"Excelsior! Sir, the road is clear;
I've tasted of yon fountain near,
And feel inspired;
These slopes I've roved, year after year,
And am not tired."

He said, and with a savage roar,
"You've done what fools have done before;—
What modest men will do no more,
Who know their station:
Ambitious fools are still a bore
In this our nation."

I saw he had Pandora's box;
He'd broken open all its locks:
And, standing on Castalia's rocks,
He viewed its evils;
They fell on me in fearful shocks,
Like flaming devils.

You need not doubt they knocked me down,
They fell so heavy on my crown;
What chance had I, poor silly clown,
With these to cope:
I grabbed and made one card my own—
That card was Hope.

I cried, as rising from the dust,
"My aim 's the mount, and go I must;
Down there my fiddle-strings would rust,
It is so damp:"
With that he gave me such a thrust,
Saying, "Go, you scamp!"

And so I 've journied on my way;
Hope cheers me on, from day to day;
And when the people hear me play,
At least they 're civil;
And some will for my comfort say
"Good springs from evil!"

Sept. 18th, 1868.

POSTSCRIPT.

My love to all who wish me well;
This leaves me hale, with bonny Nell,
And all the bairns that with us dwell—
A goodly number:
Sev'n is the quantum we can tell
Of household lumber.

Methinks a letter 's long been due
For one, years since, I sent to you:
Your last is eighteen-fifty-two
If I can see.
There have been changes not a few
To you and me.

For this you ought to write a dozen
To me, your long-neglected cousin;
If this your sympathy won't loosen
Your friendship 's nil:
Just show this rhyming ware to Susan,
I think *she* will.

Farewell, my lad, I'll say no more;
My eyes grow dim, my heart is sore
To think a man, because he's poor,
Should be neglected,
While every purse-proud silly bore
Must be respected.

Bold Sooty.

The following lines were written April 18th, 1867; the thoughts were suggested by meeting a chimney-sweeper singing on the road, in his official robes.

I met him on the queen's highway,
To Driffield bound, one sunny day,
As, blithsome as a lark in May,
He sang a song so merrily:
He was a man of low degree,
The blackest man I e'er did see,
But yet 'twas very plain to me
His heart was beating verily.

He had a bundle on his back,
Which, like his hands and face, was black;
And, high above his sooty pack,
A wheel-like brush waved loomingly:
Within his arm he held a spade,
Tinged with the lustre of his trade;
His head a tasseled cap displayed,
That flourished there so bloomingly.

And, as he tuned his merry chime,
He, with a short hand-brush, beat time
Upon his spade; the sound sublime
Went through my heart so thrillingly:
I viewed him; as he hastened nigh
The birds seemed frightened, by their cry;
But, being bold, and he not shy,
I listened to him willingly.

And this is all the song he sang,
In a strange wild and comic twang,
And clinched each sentence with a bang:—
"Oh! I'm a man of high degree!
The man,—no matter where he's found,
On English, Scotch, or Irish ground,—
Pays twenty shillings in the pound
To be a man of my degree.

I'd rather walk in robes of soot
Than in unpaid-for garments strut,
And have a name defiled with smut—
The cank'ring smut of cheatery."
I cried, "Old friend," and struck his gong,
"Though dark your looks, I like your song;
But yet, amid life's busy throng,
That song would be strange greetery."

He shook his head as still he sang,
And gave his voice a comic twang,
Then clenched this sentence with a bang,
"But not to men of my degree!"
He said, and grasped me by the hand,
"I wish you, Sir, to understand
There's many living in the land
That are not men of high degree!"

I cried "Well done, bold soot, my lad;
Your song, though rude, is not so bad;
'Twould be much better if we had
A few less men of sly degree:
He said, and almost stared me through,
"I think, if I can read you true,
That you are one among the few—
The noble few of my degree!"

Epistle to Tom Twisleton,

"The Craven Poet,"—June 5th, 1869.

Dear Tom,—Your letter came to hand;
By it I clearly understand
That you have, with your flock and land,
Been extra busy:
By disobeying my command
I thought you lazy.

I really thought the time was long,
Without a letter or a song,
And muttered "There is something wrong,
That must be mended:—
Perhaps the din of my rude gong
His ears offended."

And time sped on; day after day
The postman came and went away:
I murmured much at the delay
Of your epistle;
Concluded it had gone astray,
And I might whistle.

My heart was wounded to the core;
Sad disappointment's pangs it bore:
Nobody likes, however poor,
To be neglected:
A silent slight is doubly sore
From one respected.

Thus as I thought, and viewed the clock,
My tender nerves received a shock,
Caused by the postman's well-known knock;
In came a letter,
Which made me, from my rhyming stock,
Your humble debtor.

My home at once was filled with glee;
Your letter went upon the spree;—
Kept changing hands from one, two, three,
In quick succession;
Unopened till it came to be
In my possession.

All eyes were bright with animation,
Each watching my examination;—
I like to know the postal station
Of any deed:—
My dame was wild with expectation
To hear me read.

I cried "Have patience! wait a wee!
Don't bother! let a body be!
Before I read I want to see
If it's from Settle:
If so, Tom's proved, you'll all agree,
A man of mettle."

It proved so, to my great delight;
I found by it that you were right,
But not in a poetic flight;
Which made me sad:
And now I say with all my might,
"Cheer up my lad!"

The beauties of the full-grown Spring
Inspire the feathered throng to sing;
Will Nature's bard refuse to bring
A tribute due,
To God, creation's glorious King?
All sing but you!

'Tis sunny June, the bonny rose
Now in her choicest beauty glows;
The em'rald meads their gems disclose,
That scent the breeze;
Soul-stirring music sweetly flows
From birds and bees.

Awake, and sing a song for June!
A poet's harp should be in tune;
The gleesome lark sings late and soon;
Blithe Nature 's gay;
The nightingale begins her tune
At close of day.

And he who 'd bear the poet's name—
Who 'd win a bard's undying fame—
With care must fan the infant flame
That in him glows:
True genius, proof to praise or blame,
Its lustre shows.

Your rhyming ware does you great credit;
For I and hundreds here have read it;
And some to far-off friends have sped it,
Your name to show;
Though under-foot a foe may tread it
Your fame will grow.

My harp, if I may be so bold,
Is still in tune, though growing old:
I prize it ever, more than gold;—
Would not resign,
For all the money I have told,
This harp of mine.

Farewell, Tom; either sing or whistle,
In answer to this crude epistle;
If your bold pen 's not to the gristle
Just charge its end,
A copious flood pour on this drizzle;
Adieu, my friend!"

My Cottage Home.

My cottage home, my cottage home;
How much its joys I prize;
Not marble hall nor palace dome
Can so much charm my eyes.
The woodbine creeps upon its wall,
Where hums the thrifty bee;
The bird forsakes the trellised hall
To come and sing to me.

I have six blooming rosy girls,
As lovely as the flowers;
Like fairies, with their dancing curls,
They grace my cottage bowers.

They say their mother is a queen;
Her throne the summer shed;
And weave a wreath of evergreen
To crown her bonny head.

A son I have—a merry son;
He fills my home with glee;
His blue eyes sparkle bright with fun,
Such antics strange has he:
His sisters say he is a plague,
Because he them will teaze;
And often wish him at the Hague,
The German folks to please.

And what with blossoms, toil, and mirth,
My home is all alive;
To me the sweetest spot on earth
Is this my little hive.
My cottage home, my cottage home,
How much its joys I prize;
Not marble hall nor palace dome
Can so much charm my eyes.

July 14th, 1868.

Labour and Profit, Boys.

Labour and profit, boys, always be doing;
With energy brush off the rust from the mind;
Some noble object be ever pursuing—
A something to profit yourself and mankind.

Many, too many, are selfishly living,
And some seem to live but to labour and brawl;
Many for good—and the lesson they're giving
Is "Live to some profit, although it be small."

Heed not the doctrine that fixes your station,
For man 's a free agent, and ever will be;
His will, energetic, may startle a nation;
Scale mountains or search the deep caves of the sea.

Each son of the earth has a mind and a mission
For good or for evil, which each may perform;
But some slowly rust out for want of decision,
While others break every barrier by storm.

Some by rough labour and others by teaching
Pull the huge ark of life with its burden along;
The holy man points out the port by his preaching;
The bard cheers the way by his soul-stirring song.

Ever be willing, boys; ever be ready
To lift up your voice in the cause of the right;
Though senseless crowds hiss, if your purpose be steady,
The good will applaud though you fail in the fight.

All are not gifted with language nor beauty,
And all are not skilled for the painter's grand art;
But all men are brothers, and each has a duty,
And he is the wisest who plays best his part.

Then labour and profit, boys, always be doing;
With energy brush off the rust from the mind;
Some noble object be ever pursuing—
A something to profit yourself and mankind.

December 26th, 1867.

Ode to Venus.

Fair Venus, famed goddess of beauty;
Enchantress of mortals unslain;
How strange thou should'st make it a duty
To torture with fancy the brain!

The eye must be drowsy and stupid
That beams not at viewing thy charms;
No wonder that coy pretty Cupid,
Indignant, should quiver his arms:—

For Cupid, although he 's no coward,
Yet still has a care for his bow;
And has never profusely showered
His darts on a steel-plated foe.

At bending a bow he is skilful;
He 's clever at pointing a dart;
In aiming an arrow he 's wilful;
He 's sure to be hitting some heart.

But, Venus, thy prim little sodger
From thee holds a mission divine;
Though some hearts withstand the sly dodger
He once made sad havoc of mine.

While I, in a frolicsome venture,
Was viewing thy charms, silly lout,
His dart pierced my heart to the centre,
So deep that it never came out.

No matter how high the position,
He needs but a sight of his game;
No pity he knows, nor omission,
'Tis doomed by his unerring aim.

His mischief, I 'm told, never ceases,
So, young people, pray have a care;
He many a heart knocks to pieces
Before the poor owner 's aware.

To the Author of "Rustic Lays;"

At this time living at Horncastle.

This piece was addressed to Mr. King, June 6th, 1868.

Gird up your loins, brave bard, and sing!
While your prized harp has got a string
You 'll find a lonely heart to cheer—
Among life's crowd a list'ning ear.
Behold yon lark on soaring wing,
It sings, nor heeds who hears it sing:
Heav'nward it soars, nor seeks renown;
Its little song is all its own.
So bards, if warmed by Nature's fire,
Sing, heedless who their strains admire;
They soar above the crowds of earth,
And count man's plaudits little worth.
They sing, to nature ever true,
Give honour to whom honour 's due;
And glory to the Great Supreme—
His wondrous works their choicest theme!
Then cheer up King! no more repine,
All have not harps like yours or mine:
Earth's glitt'ring gold can charm the eye,
But not Parnassian music buy.
My harp I hold with hand of clay
Which death will speed'ly break away:
This mortal frame must mould'ring lie;
My soul, released, will upward fly
And learn the seraph's glorious theme,
In heav'n before the Great Supreme.
There I shall sing and never tire;
Immortal strains shall thrill my lyre;—

Strains that will sound through endless day,
When death has cleared my harp of clay.
This trem'lous harp, that now I own,
Will join the choir before the throne.

In the Green Lane.

'Tis a sunny day in June,
And the birds are blithely singing;
E'en yon old church spire 's in tune,
For the bells are gaily ringing.
The dew is on the rose,
And the speedwell blooms so bonny;
In the copse the noisy crows
Chat and sport with cousin Johnny.

I am basking in the sun,
In a cosy hedge-side bower,
Where the shrew-mice, squeaking, run
'Neath the hawthorn, all in flower.
Enchanted, here I lay,
List'ning to the pewit's whistle—
To the linnet on the spray—
And the bumble on the thistle.

'Tis a charming little nook,
Where the tiger-moth reposes,
Mellowed by a tuneful brook,
And bespangled with primroses.
I am not disposed to walk,
For the sun is warmly beaming;
You may fancy, by my talk,
That I feel inclined for dreaming.

The sky above is blue,
And the clouds are white and flowing—
They are changing form and hue,
For a balmy breeze is blowing.
My seat 's a mossy bank,
And a rose tree 's waving o'er me;
Here, among the tall grass rank,
I view all the world before me.

By a lowly cottage door,
'Neath the fragrant honeysuckle,
Sit two aged peasants poor;
I can hear them talk and chuckle.
The children, in their fun,
Chase the geese to make them gabble;
And the ducks, quack, quacking, run
To the pond to have a dabble.

Chanticleer crows loud and shrill,
As he struts in colours blazing;
In the meadow, by the hill,
Dappled cows and sheep are grazing.
The frisky curly lambs,
How they run and bleat and caper;
You may see them and their dams
Better here than upon paper.

In the field see master rook,
He 's so mute you 'd think him napping;
Near the willow, in the nook,
Master thrush a snail is tapping.
The crake is in the corn;
And the lark is heav'nward springing;
And the cowboy blows his horn,
While the cuckoo 's loudly singing.

How the pink-lipt daisies glow;
Here the violet is blooming;
And the stitchwort, white as snow,
Smiles with beauty unassuming.
The buttercups, how bright!
And upon the dandelion
Is a fairy, robed in white,
That a swallow has his eye on.

A spider 's on the sloe;
He has built a castle airy—
Pretty flies, mind how you go,
I would have you all be wary.
The drowsy beetle 's out;
As he wheels his flight unsteady
How he bumps and falls about—
On the wing he 's rather leady.

The caterpillar wakes;
He is off to have a ramble;
Saucy billy-biter shakes
Pearly dewdrops from the bramble.
Here 's a nest, safe from the storm,
With five little white eggs in it;
And I fancy, by the form,
It belongs to missus linnet.

The bee hums in the dell;
Here the ladybird comes creeping;
From a cowslip's golden bell
Master brock is slily peeping.
Above the brooklet near
Merry gnats are gaily dancing;
And upon its bosom clear
Little froggy 's shyly glancing.

The boat-flies sail along,
While the minnows bright are swimming;
Shining beetles—what a throng!—
O'er the glossy lake are skimming.
The dragon,* darting by,
Flutters on his gauzy pinions;
And see there the butterfly
Flirting round her gay dominions.

The merry streamlet plays
With the pond-weed's em'rald tresses;
And old daddy-long-legs strays
On the budding water-cresses.
By the green bank sits a mole,
Or some other furry rover—
'Tis a rat, popt from his hole;
He looks well among the clover.

Beside an old tree root
A pale mushroom up is springing;
And below it lies a newt
List'ning to a cricket singing.
A stifillion! how he runs!
He 's a crocodile in feature;
Mother twitchbell knows and shuns
The hideous sharp-jawed creature.

Botheration, how they bite!
The grey-coated saucy midges;
I can scarcely sit to write,
For my ear it burns and fidges.
The bank is all alive;
Busy ants are round me swarming;
Frantic, I may clash and drive,
For I 've got a decent warming.

* The dragon-fly.

In the hollow beechen tree
I behold a something curious;
I will poke it out and see—
Wasps are buzzing round me furious:
The spiteful little things,
In their yellow tunics glowing;
Proof I am not to their stings—
One has stung me, I 'll be going.

The scene is changed again,
I feel like a man half bowsy,
And in spite of all my pain
I begin to feel quite drowsy.
I 'm startled by a noise;
'Tis the music of tin kettles,
Rattled by three jolly boys,
As they march among the nettles.

What visions haunt the mind,
When with fervid fancies teeming!
I awake, and wake to find
That I 've had an hour of dreaming:
And I hear a gentle voice
Saying, "Come, you sleepy sinner;
Love, a sirloin is your choice,
And the cloth is spread for dinner."

Tom Twisleton's Visit to Scarborough,

On the opening of the New Temperance Hall.

Tom Twisleton is the comic poet of Craven, and author of "Splinters from Winskill Rock."

TO A BROTHER RHYMER.

Dear John, I send you glorious news,
Which ought to tickle up your muse;

Tom Twisleton the bard 's been down
To visit our old seaport town.
He came, responsive to a call,
And opened our new Temp'rance Hall.
He is a wit, and no mistake,
And kept his audience wide awake.
He told, off-hand, the queerest stories,
Of sherry-drinking whigs and tories,
Who will not put a check on drinking,
Although John Bull through malt is sinking.
And one how poor old Adam fell—
I think he called him Adam Bell:
Stung by a subtle fiery stinger
His Eve had sent him off to bring her.
He showed, in colours true to life,
The horrors of domestic strife;—
How Tim and Susy had a quarrel
Fermented in the whisky barrel;
How both were blind, or wouldn't see
The mischief sprung from barley bree.
And how a couple, bent on wedding,
Flew off nor thought of home or bedding.
How Reuben's love-suit was unsmothered,
And how the dark plot was discovered:
Fine Reuben proved a rusty hobnail—
A true son of tag, rag, and bobtail.
And then he told them in such style;
Without a twitter or a smile.
He 'd such a splendid attitude—
Stood bolt upright, just as if glued;
And poured a flood of eloquence
Which proved the Bard a man of sense.
This was the first day of the fair*,
When Mr. Chairman took the chair:
He took it with his poor head aching,
Left it, his sides with laughter shaking;

* The first Lecture.

For so enchanted was his brain
He really quite forgot the pain.
The many speakers, great and small,
Tom Twisleton eclipsed them all.
He filled the place with laughing squalls
That shook the plaster from the walls.
The hall was filled with joyous roar;
Hearts danced, so did the creaking floor.
The people, with wide-open eyes,
Were wonder-stricken with surprise.
And when at last he closed the meeting
You may depend there was a greeting;—
The lads and lasses clustered round him,
And with their choicest plaudits crowned him.
His hand got such a hearty shaking
That all the bones were in it quaking.
I was not there myself to know,
But Willie Myers told me so;
And Willie is a sober youth—
He never varies from the truth.
"But who," I fancy you will say,
"Is Twisleton? that 's come your way;
Till now I 've never heard his name;
He cannot be a bard of fame."
Well never mind; don't be severe;
Compose yourself, and you shall hear;—
Tom Twisleton 's a man of fame;
From bonny Winskill town he came,
Near Settle, Giggleswick, in Craven;
Will says he is no croaking raven;
But rattles off in gallant style,
Buronic lingo, rank and file.
"But why," you 'll say, "this visitation?
Has Tommy made your town his station?"
O, no, but just a friendly call,
To open our new Temp'rance Hall;—

A viewly temple, just completed,
In which six hundred folks were seated;
All waiting for Tom's splendid stock
Of splinters chipped from Winskill rock.
This night, the second of the fair*,
When Mr. Chairman took the chair;
Stern as a judge, kept order due,
Aided by temp'rance Bishops two.
Friend Jamie is a man of mettle,
A patron of the temp'rance kettle;
A thorough teeto, no man truer,
Sworn foe to publican and brewer:
The fittest man, in such a case,
To be the chairman of the place;
For Jamie has such portly charms,—
Not a Don Quix—all legs and arms.
He sat like Johnny Falstaff grim;
All eyes, of course, were fixed on him,
In silent expectation gazing,
While music played and lamps were blazing.
It ceased: majestic as the sun
He rose, and called Tom Twisleton.
And Tom, responsive to the call,
Stood up, the wonder of the hall.
By the first random shot he fired
They saw he was a man inspired.
He told them what he had to say
Would just be in a homely way;
Then gave them this Cravenic pill—
"An ass once had some geese to drill,
And somehow treading on their toes
A goose turned round and bit his nose;
So friends, if I should make too free,
You must not do the same with me."
This set the folks in such a twitter;
Some called it sweet and others bitter:

* The second Lecture.

And one cried out "Dear me! did ever?
I never saw a goose so clever."
But Tom, 'twas clear, had got a swarm
Of cosy tales to keep them warm;
And if they 'd only listen right
He 'd keep them laughing all the night.
He gave them next the Country Fair,
And showed them all the queer sights there—
The burly bumpkins with their lasses,
Staggering waiters, jingling glasses;—
Here a stall besieged for toffy;
There some chaps sat drinking coffee;
Here a consequential dandy,
Treating Miss to sugar-candy;
Merry-andrews, jumping, tumbling:
Some folks singing, others grumbling;
Ladies playing at aunt Sally;
There 's a pig-race in the alley;
Mr. Punch the crowd delighting;
Henan with Tom Sayers fighting;
Dancing on yon stage, Tom Toddy,
With great head and little body.
Children view with awe the gorgon;
Listen to the barrel organ:—

O, come and see the play;
Rare sights we have within;
Then come without delay;
The show will now begin.
Our droll performing dogs
Must yield you great delight;
With bacchanalian hogs
Come in and see them fight.
Bold Rab, the raven, here,
Perched on a water-pail,
Will tell how once, through beer,
He lost his wig and tail.
While our unrivalled frogs,
I need not tell their names,
Will croak about their bogs,
And play all kinds of games.

O, come and see the play;
Rare sights we have within;
Then come without delay;
The show will now begin.

Now a baby's squeaking rattle
Frightens all a drover's cattle;
Pell mell through the crowd they scamper;
Down comes ginger pop and hamper.
Now a horse begins to caper;
There goes brandysnap and paper.
All's confusion; women crying
Thieves are with their purses flying.
Hark, the drum! a crowd now go
Off to see the wild-beast show.
Hear the jolly showman calling—
"Walk in! walk in!" loudly bawling—
"See the grand display of monkeys,
Some almost as big as donkeys,
With grey beards upon their faces,
Making all kinds of grimaces;
Fancy paints them, in this room,
Huge gorillas in full bloom."

Here a mighty peal of laughter
Shook the hall and every rafter;
While the chairman cried "Stop, stranger!
Hold, for life's sake; we're in danger.
All the beams are giving way;
Tom, for life's sake, sit down pray,
Or this noble Temp'rance Hall
Down upon our heads will fall.
Soon, unless this tumult ceases,
It will tumble all to pieces.
Daff, with laughing's rent his breeches;
Tommy's waistcoat's lost some stitches;
Oh, that crack, like rattling thunder!
Betty's bonnet's burst with wonder;

Willie 's laughing till he 's crying;
Where are my two bishops? dying!
Jesse, drop that horrid droaning—
Music laughing till 'tis groaning.
Cease, people, cease the hall floor beating;
Pray Tom sit down, I 'll close the meeting."
"Well," said Tom, and shook his head,
"Folks, off home, and gang to bed.
But, ere you quit this planned connexion,
We want of cash a grand collection.
And he who 'd give us cause to boast
Must kindly please to give the most!"
And so the meeting terminated;
'Tis just as Willie Myers stated.
And all I have, friend John, to say,
I hope they 'll make that Hall to pay.
And if Tom Twisleton, Esquire,
Comes here again, and brings his lyre,
Although I have just cause to fear him,
I really mean to go and hear him;
A wish I have to see a star-man,
And he has one to see Mat Harman.

To a Squirrel.

This pretty creature was the property of Mr. George Outhard, of Staxton, and died in May, 1870.

"Pretty captive, here, alone,
Crack thy nuts and eat thy cone;
Gambol on, day after day;
Pass thy life's brief span away:
Not by Nature's law designed
Thou shouldst be alone confined,

From thy native woodland grove
Where, in glee, thou lov'st to rove."

"Gloomy move the hours and slow;
Here no cones nor acorns grow:
Naught to please my fancy near—
All is withered, dry, and sere.
Waking with the morning light,
Here I wander till the night;
Then I seek my lowly bed,
Sigh o'er joys for ever fled."

"Pris'ner meek, it gives me pain
When I hear thee thus complain:
Not thy gaoler would I be,—
Freeborn, thou should'st wander free.
It is not my will or power
Keeps thee from thy bonny bower;—
Could I but permission buy,
Thou should'st to thy comrades fly."

"Luckless hour when here I came,
To this wiry grated frame:
Naught but sorrows have I known;
All that made life sweet is flown.
Dewy Spring has come again;
Must I captive here remain?
Spend alone the hours in gloom,
While birds sing and flowers bloom?"

"I have pleaded with thy foe,
But he will not let thee go,—
Says he loves thy antics sly,—
Thou'rt a treasure gold can't buy.
Favours great, from priest or king,
Cannot buy his woodland thing;
Says thou'rt happy here with him,
In this grated prison grim."

"Nay, the woodland is my home—
Eden, where I love to roam;
There, upon the old oak tree,
With companions wand'ring free,
Till the sun sinks in the west,
Then to seek my downy nest;
Sleep away the happy hours,
In the grove, with birds and flowers.

Man is harsh, to justice blind,
Has a narrow heart and mind,
If to gratify his eye
He the gift of heav'n deny
To the object of his love—
Liberty sent from above:
Oh! in mercy hear my plea;
Break those bonds and set me free!"

To Rosa,

A favourite Cousin in childhood.

Where 's the lovely Maiden flown—
Her I loved in days of yore?
Has she sere and callous grown?
Faded all the charms she wore?

Never we may meet on earth;
Nor my eyes upon thee gaze,
Beauteous Islet* of my birth,
Where I spent my early days;

Many changes I have seen
Since I saw sweet Rosa nigh;
Rough and drear my road has been;
Cold and gloomy 's been my sky;

* The Isle of Thanet, Kent.

Yet my wand'ring mind would stray
Retrospectively to thee;—
Join those merry sports of May
Underneath the lilac tree.

There I see the jovial band,
Joyous as in days gone by;
Scattered now throughout the land;
Severed is each friendly tie.

He, alas! who bore my name
Now lies sleeping with the dead;
She who shared each childish game
Wanders on with reason fled.

They who gazed with fond delight
Long have left this earthly shore;
Sleep, but not forgotten quite,
Though their march of life is o'er.

Still from change to change we speed—
Hearts grow cold as hairs turn grey—
'Till from earth our spirits freed,
Leave this busy scene for aye.

Where 's the lovely Maiden flown—
Her I loved in days of yore?
Is she sere and callous grown?
Faded all the charms she wore?

Oh! Bury Me in the Valley.

Or, the Dying Boy's Petition.

The leaves are falling fast, Mother;
The Summer 's pass'd away;
And Autumn's chilly blast, Mother,
Bids all the flowers decay:

And I am fading too, Mother;
No Spring will dawn for me;
Under the dark green yew, Mother,
My resting place must be.
Oh! bury me in the valley,
Where roam the bird and bee;
Oh! bury me in the valley,
Under the old yew tree.

When my worn body 's dead, Mother,
Incase it not in stone,
But wrap it in a mould bed, Mother,
That earth may claim her own.
Plant daisies on my grave, Mother,
And let the harebell grow,
The ivy creep, the grass wave, Mother,
While I sleep sound below.
Oh! bury me in the valley,
Where roam the bird and bee;
Oh! bury me in the valley,
Under the old yew tree.

How sweet 'twill be to rest, Mother,
When life's rude storms are o'er,
In some spot we loved best, Mother,
Upon our native shore;
When Summer flowers bloom bright, Mother,
And fragrance fills the gale,
When the pale moon, at night, Mother,
Smiles in the peaceful vale.
Oh! bury me in the valley,
Where roam the bird and bee;
Oh! bury me in the valley,
Under the old yew tree.

Sonnet.

Sweet is the plaintive cooing of the dove,
When day declines and fragrance fills the gale,
That tunes the leafy lyre, in some lone vale,
When the pale moon is smiling from above,
As waves the lily-bell upon the lake,
Whose glossy bosom, rippled by the breeze,
Mirrors the dancing reeds and trembling trees,
While chirps the cricket in the tangled brake,
And philomel begins her evening song;
Soul-soothing is the music of her lute—
An angel sings the feather'd choir among—
And all but that enrapturing voice is mute;
So mellow is the strain so sweet the tale
None ever heard but in the nightingale.

To a Magpie.

On seeing one in an old barred box, at Driffield.

Well Mag, I must own your's a pitiful case,
A cage is ill-suited for one of your race;
I know you delight, in the meadow and grove,
Or some rocky glen, with companions to rove.

'Tis there, in yon glen, at the end of the moor,—
The romantic haunt I behold from the door—
I once was amused with a couple of Mags,
As they flew to and fro, 'mong the time-shattered crags.

When speedwell had opened its bonny blue eye,
While sat by a brook that danced merrily by,
Delighted I listened awhile to their chatter,
As frogs leaped for joy, wondered what was the matter;

And not them alone, but the curly-horned jocks
Came and popped their heads over the heath-covered rocks;
Then off flew the Maggies, with loud thrilling scream,
And, laughing, they perched on a tree near the stream.

Here while on a dandelion fixing my eyes
One said to the other, "Oh! how I despise
Those vain silly fops who come here from the town;
Their object is often birds' nests pulling down.

If one knew the thoughts of yon silent man's breast
For a moment I doubt not he 's after our nest;
He'll be disappointed, I 'll venture to say;"
Then, pluming their feathers, they sallied away.

But Mag, you must know, they were smarter than you;
They 'd long flaunting tails, not a feather askew;
So gleesome and comely they were on the height,
Their glossy coats glowed in the sun's golden light.

Poor Mag! you have come to a horrible pen;
It smells, oh! it smells like a hyena's den:
And as to your person, oh my! what a plight!
Your owner has made you a terrible fright!

Your dwelling 's the worst any poor body owns,
Its bottom strewn over with green fusty bones,
Bread crust, and cracked snails' shells, and bits of raw beef;
But what mean you, Maggy, by shouting out "Thief?"

If all I have heard of your habits be true,
You doubtless belong to a pilfering crew;
But you needn't shout thus, with your head all a kimbo,
I know you're a thief, and you've got into limbo.

Of all the poor crim'nals I ever have seen,
I never saw one look so abject and mean.
Your keeper, I hear, is a crusty old wife;
By what I can learn you're transported for life.

It seems very hard, but I fear it is true:
If I might determine, I know what I'd do—
Just open the door of that dirty old pen,
And you should fly off to your own bonny glen.

Nil Desperandum.

To a Bradford Friend.

Henry, have you forgotten the bright Summer day
When we roam'd in the woodland, when nature was gay;
When the voice of the cuckoo was heard in the bowers,
And the musical stream rippled on by the flowers;
While the green willows waved in the warm fragrant breeze,
As we chatted along, neath the thick-foliaged trees;
When your hat was encircled with sweet lilies pale
And the choicest wild blossoms that bloom'd in the vale;
When you sang on the ivied tree, clouded with care,
"Nil desperandum,—never despair;
Nil desperandum,—never despair?"

Then most sadly, though sweet, fell the strain on my ear;
For I knew in your own sky some dark clouds were near;
And that long you had fought with a strong subtle foe,
Who had shatter'd your health, laid your high prospects low:

That my path had, through life, been a bleak rugged moor;
Many hills I had pass'd,—there were hills on before;
And one steep glowing mountain I saw on the plain—
'Twas Parnassus; its summit I sought to obtain;
So I join'd in the song, with a mind racked with care,
"Nil desperandum,—never despair!
Nil desperandum,—never despair!"

Many changes we've seen since that bright sunny day;
We have battled with foes; mounted hills on life's way:
We have pass'd through deep valleys, enshrouded with gloom;
And still we are here, journeying on to the tomb.
We have foes yet to conquer, for passions will rage;
There are hills on before us at every stage;
Though we miss the bright summits of undying fame,
In the circle we move we may have a good name:
There's a prize on before; we will sing, amid care,
"Nil desperandum,—never despair!
Nil desperandum,—never despair!"

"For Ever with the Lord."

Oh, glorious thought! that cheers the heart
When health declines and friends must part;
To know that, with their latest breath,
They, dying, triumphed over death;
And soar'd above, to claim the prize—
A home eternal in the skies—
Prepared for all the ransom'd bless'd
Who sought on earth in heaven their rest.
'Tis sad to part with those we love,
Though friends below are friends above:

They are not lost, but gone before;
They died to live, and die no more.
They are our guardian angels here,
When foes oppress or danger's near:
They point us to the narrow way
That leads to life and endless day.
By faith we see them robed in light,
And hear them sing, with Seraphs bright,
Around the throne, melodious strains,
Which echo through the heavenly plains,
"Glory to God, the Lamb was slain;
He died that we might live and reign
For ever with the Lord!"

To my Son.

My son, I cannot make you wise
As I would have you be,
But I will set before your eyes
The follies you should flee.

First:—be not vain of what you know,
For much you have to learn:
Conceit is virtue's meanest foe—
A folly all should spurn.

Next:—be not rash in word or deed,
But strive your mind to stay;
The tongue oft makes the heart to bleed,
And gives a foe the sway.

Be mindful lest your temper blaze
With mad'ning fierce desire;
He is the hero who can raise
A wall against a fire.

Nor be ambitious, but aspire;
A mountain 's on before;
Up! search for knowledge; never tire;
But make your footsteps sure.

Let not deceit e'er find a place,
To hide within your breast:
The heart that shields a fiend so base
Can ne'er be truly blessed.

Spurn jealousy—a reptile mean
That no brave heart will cherish;
It makes heav'n hell; the pure unclean;
All who retain it perish.

Be not revengeful, but forbear,
And learn to suffer wrong;
A puny foe in mercy spare,
And clothe with shame the strong.

Heed not vain Flatt'ry's smirking smile;
Be to her witch'ry blind:
She comes with tissues glossed with guile,
The foolish heart to bind.

Let not alc'holic liquor stain
Your lips,—a fiery foe;
'Twill bring dishonour, grief, and pain;
And leads to endless woe.

Abhor the lewd, nor seek to trace
Her heart—a ceaseless well;
'Tis but a mask.—that angel face—
"Her steps take hold of hell."

Nor harbour sloth,—a canker-worm
That robes in rags its bearer;
It clouds the brain, and binds the arm,
And petrifies the wearer.

Live honest in your thoughts and plans,
And spurn guilt's torturing rod:
Rememb'ring that "An honest man 's
The noblest work of God."

Should fortune favour your designs
Set not your heart on gold;
Its glitter dazzles sordid minds
Whose purity is sold.

Respect yourself; give honour due
To those who worthy are;
So shall you rise, with heaven in view,
Bright as the morning star.

Vice, like a deadly serpent, shun;
Act! virtue be your part:
And treasure up, my darling son,
This counsel in your heart.

Self Examination.

The dross of human nature lurks within:
Oft have I tried, but ever tried in vain,
To cleanse my troubled heart, defiled with sin,
But dross, corroding dross, will there remain.

Fain would I make it holy, spotless, pure,
But cannot; nay, it is a hopeless case;
The canker on the steel must there endure
Till truly polished by redeeming grace.

Since helpless here I stand, oh! who will plead
My cause in heaven, before the judgment throne?
I want a friend in that dread hour of need;
Naught can I bring that will for sin atone.

Oh Thou, all love! who never wilt deny
The lowly, contrite, earnest suppliant's plea,
Be ever near to save; and, when I die,
In heaven, before the throne, remember me.

On Viewing the Stars.

What are ye? tell me! beauteous stars of light,
That, glitt'ring, gem the canopy of night.
In trembling awe, to heaven my eyes I raise;
With wond'ring admiration on ye gaze.

There I perceive, beyond the bounds of time,
A scene incomprehensibly sublime;
In overwhelming numbers there behold
A shining host, like balls of liquid gold.

What are ye? tell me! Who hath fixed your bounds?
Where ends the space where each performs its rounds?
What are ye? Globes? bright mansions in the sky—
The homes where disembodied spirits fly?

While here I gaze, earth dwindles to a span;
To atoms all the works of busy man.
This pond'rous globe, in glowing verdure dressed,
Shines as a star in order with the rest.

What! silent all? Yet will my soul rejoice;
In every orb I hear my Maker's voice,
And see His matchless skill. Oh! wondrous thought!
His word created—called ye forth from naught!

Oft have I longed, and still I long to die,
That my enraptured soul may upward fly,
And leave this heavy clay, this world of care,
To join the seraphs, and their glory share.

A May Day.

The blossom 's on the whin; 'tis lovely May;
Wild flowers around their radiant charms display;
Hail, glorious Spring! birds sing to hail thy birth,
And my wild harp awakes to join their mirth.

Stretched on the verdant sod, beneath the trees,
Warmed by the sun, fanned by the cooling breeze,
My toil-worn frame forgets awhile its cares;
'Tis Eden here; my soul its beauty shares.

Sing on, sweet thrush! there 's solace in thy strain—
A soothing pow'r that charms my fevered brain;
No martial music can such balm bestow,—
That thrills the brain and wakes the soul to woe:

To me it tells of desolating strife—
The frantic ravings of some hapless wife:
My eyes delight not in the scenes of war;—
I view with pain Bellona's flaming car.

But thou, Sylvanus, thou for me hast charms;—
My eyes behold thee and my bosom warms;
Beneath thy feath'ry arms I love to lay,
And watch the lambs in the green pastures play.

Sweet May, I hail thee! choicest month of Spring,
When virgin Flora doth her treasures fling
O'er all the dewy meads; when brake and bowers
Show forth their gladness in the laughing flowers.

Here, on a mossy couch, at ease I lie;
Birds cheer with song my soul; flow'rs charm my eye;
The fragrant hawthorn, stooping from above,
Tells, with the whisp'ring wind, that "God is love!"

The White-Crested Syrens.

Composed April 23rd, 1866. The thoughts were suggested while watching the billows dashing against the Spa Wall, at Scarborough.

They dance along, they dance along;
I ween they are a merry throng;
The caverns echo to their song—
The syrens' glorious minstrelsy.

They lift on high their snowy breast,
And throw in air their feath'ry crest—
Pursue their journey to the west,
With sportive joyous revelry.

They haste the craggy rock to greet;
And scale its top with nimble feet;
Then sing their joys with voices sweet,
And clap their hands so merrily.

Hark! the white-crested syrens sing,
As from their mossy beds they spring;
They make the gloomy caverns ring
With their delicious melody.

Hark! the Glad Voice.

Hark! the glad voice of the bird in the grove;
Spring's come to scatter her blossoms again;
The fragrant violet tempts us to rove,—
Sheds balmy breath in the moss-covered lane.
Come, let us wander, the morning is bright;
There's health in the breeze when dew's on the bud;
The thorn's snowy blossoms are spread to invite;
'Tis pleasant to ramble at morn in the wood.

Shrill sings the thrush, on the sycamore's bough,
Joyously answered from yon ivied tree,
While the pale primrose smiles 'neath the hill's brow,
Spreading her charms to be kissed by the bee.
Blithe little daisy has opened her eye;
Stitchwort wears gems, the bright dew of the Spring;
Lark has forsaken the earth for the sky,
Sings as he rises with fluttering wing.

Wake, sleeper, wake! shake the dust from your eyes,
Nor life's golden moments waste thus on the pillow;
Birds sing for joy when the misty cloud flies,
And Sol, in his glory, is leaving the billow.
Come, let us wander, the morning is bright;
There 's health in the breeze when dew's on the bud;
The thorn's snowy blossoms are spread to invite;
'Tis pleasant to ramble at morn in the wood.

To the Coralites.

I sat by the sea, on a rock near a pool;
A sunbeam illumined the still limped fountain;
I saw, as I gazed from my green mossy stool,
All glowing with life, a diminutive mountain.

Astonished I gazed with profound admiration,
Upon a vast number of flow'ry like forms,
Spread over a cone, which I saw was their nation,
And they, as a people, were radiant in charms.

"What are ye," I sighed, as I viewed them in motion,
"Ye bright starry objects, in beauty arrayed?"
They silently answered "We 're fays of the ocean;
Skilled architects, ever intent on our trade."

"What mean ye, ye eloquent gay little flowers?
Your language mysterious I'd fain comprehend:
I know ye are gems, from the rich coral bowers,
But how is your labour? to what does it tend?"

They answered, "In us you behold living stones;
But know, our domain is the ocean's deep fountain
Its walls and its islets are formed of our bones,
And here at our labour we're building a mountain.

Yon tree-covered slope, now explored by your sages,
Gives positive proof of our ancestors' skill;
By them its foundation was laid in past ages,
And here we are, coralites, labouring still."

Tick, Tack!

Or, Thoughts on the Passing Moments.

How quickly do the moments go!
That pend'lum, moving to and fro
In quick succession, with one breath
Proclaims a moment's birth and death!
I watch it, and my heart in woe
Discerns how fast my moments go.
Tick, tack! tick, tack! away they hie!
Life's thread grows shorter as they fly!

While gazing back from forty years
How short the warp of life appears!
If gems should sparkle on my line,
How few and feeble do they shine!
The swift-winged moments glide along,
And leave my actions right or wrong.
Tick, tack! tick, tack! away they hie!
Life's thread grows shorter as they fly!

If virtue's course 'twas mine to run
My noble deeds are all undone!
Ambition's blighted hopes remain
Grim spectres round, to mock my pain:
And as I take this brief review
The moments still their flight pursue!
  Tick, tack! tick, tack! away they hie!
  Life's thread grows shorter as they fly!

Time was, and is, will be no more!
A noiseless stream, bespangled o'er
With bubbles, drifting to a sea—
The ocean of eternity!
There ends the thread of moments run,
And life begins where life was done!
  Tick, tack! tick, tack! away they hie!
  Life's thread grows shorter as they fly!

The Sea Swallow,

(Sterna hirundo).

Over the ocean and far away
The swallow hastens at dawn of day;
His white plumes glow in the sun's first beams
As over the bounding billow he screams.
With sweeping wing far off he flies,
Where the sooty shrill-toned petrel cries.
The storm-fiend ruffles the ocean's breast;
He sports with the billow's snowy crest:
His home is the deep when zephyrs sigh,
And he roams its bosom when snow-flakes fly;
He rides the billow with dauntless skill;
Basks in the sunshine when all is still;

Till the gloaming comes, which bids him roam,
And he seeks his distant sedgy home:
Or to some lone rocky isle or bay,
Full a thousand miles he hies away.
The stars peep out as he wings his flight;
He knows his home in the darkest night.
The sailor sighs for his cottage dear
As he views the sea-bird homeward steer:
And at morning dawn again he hies—
Over the ocean's bosom he flies.
No bird more happy, no bird more free,
Than the swift-winged swallow that skims the sea.

The White Violet.

The violet 's a rural maid,
Ever blooming in the shade;
There her graceful form is seen,
In a modest robe of green,
Peeping from her mossy bed,
When the wint'ry storms have fled,
Lifting silv'ry cups to fling
Fragrance on the new-born Spring.

All who view the flow'ry gem,
Smiling on her fragile stem,
With impassioned voice declare
She is chastest of the fair,—
Fittest emblem to be prest
To a lovely virgin's breast;
For it owns a virtuous heart,
And doth healing balm impart.

Come, ye froward sons of earth,
Learn a lesson here of worth;
Ye who crave a lofty name
And would leave undying fame
Learn a lesson from a weed—
A lesson which too many need:
Choicest graces here we find;—
Sweetness, purity of mind.

Christmas.

Old Christmas is coming again;
A jolly old fellow is he;
We 'll welcome him in with a strain,
And children shall hail him with glee.

We 're making a wreath for his brow,
Our men to the woodlands have sped,
To gather the mistletoe bough,
And holly, with berries of red.

He only comes once in the year;
He comes to the lord and the swain;
We 'll welcome him in with good cheer;
We may not behold him again.

Many changes, alas! we have seen
Since the mistletoe hung in the hall;
Friends united and parted have been
Since the holly-branch shone on the wall.

'Tis folly, we know, to repine,
Troubles over can happen no more;
'Tis wisdom to joyfully join
In comforts we still have in store.

We 'll throw aside sorrow and care,
And share in the juveniles' glee;
For sorrow they 've no time to spare,
And some cause for gladness have we.

The yule-log shall crackle and blaze;
The young folks shall merrily sing;
As it was in our grandfathers' days,
The bells in the steeple shall ring.

The old year is passing away,
With all its vexation and pain;
And Christmas is coming; Hurray!
Old Christmas is coming again!

Watch-Night.

Adieu, Old Year! I hear thy parting knell;
Thou 'lt soon be numbered with the past for ever;
We 've shared thy sunshine, and thy storms as well,
But all are over now, and we must sever.

Twelve months have passed since we beheld thy birth,
And welcomed thee with smiles and songs of gladness;
But now a stranger, waiting, claims our mirth—
We must not greet him with a song of sadness.

We 've seen strange sights since first we saw thy face;
Thou brought'st us joy and sorrow, toil and sighing;
But thou, alas! hast nearly run thy race;
We will not rail at thee when thou art dying.

Thou gav'st us lessons very good to read,—
"Improve the present; I 'm my course pursuing;
Let each good motive ripen into deed,
For all who'd prosper must be up and doing."

Alas! alas,! we oft have left undone
What would have brought us pure and lasting pleasure;
We after gaudy glitt'ring toys have run,
And, chasing bubbles, we have lost a treasure.

Well, thou art dying; we, too, have to die;
The clock declares thy spirit has departed.
Adieu, Old Year! we breathe a sad good-bye!
Come in, Young Stranger! we are sober-hearted!

Ring, merry bells, to hail the new-born year,
And let his coming be with mirth attended!
We 'll try, with him, a steadier course to steer;
The follies of the past can ne'er be mended.

What hast thou brought us? star-gem'd stranger say!
Doubtless, for all thou hast toil, care, and sorrow;
But if we 'll make the best of life we may,
Serve God each day and trust Him for the morrow.

Hark!

Hark! I hear the syrens singing;
Music thrills the rocky halls,
Solemn deep-toned anthems, ringing,
Echo from the craggy walls.
Trembling, filled with strange emotion,
I behold them, laughing, rise;
White-plumed, springing from the ocean,
Wild their gestures, loud their cries.
Sporting, bounding to and fro,
Up they leap and down they go;
Now they 're whirling round and round,
On they rush with deaf'ning sound;

As they shout, their white plumes swinging,
To the caves their flight they 're winging,
Where the water-nymphs lie sleeping,
Glowing sea-flowers round them creeping.
Silv'ry smiles are from them gleaming;
Are they of the music dreaming,
Ere they wake to join the song
Of the merry dancing throng?
Who can gaze upon the ocean,—
  Gaze with un-impassioned soul?
View its scenes without emotion
  When the foam-capt billows roll?
Dead to all imagination
He who feels no animation,
Standing on the rocky shore,
While the thund'ring breakers roar,
Telling, with a voice sonorous,
All the works of God are glorious!

A Song for the Season.

Blithe Ceres clothes the earth again
  In robes of brown and yellow;
O'er hill and plain the golden grain
  Is bending ripe and mellow;
While thirsty Sol drinks up the streams,
  And fires the peaty mountains,*
The fevered mind flies off in dreams
  To shaded grots and fountains.

* July, 1868, being exceedingly hot the Eglwyseg mountains, near Wrexham, in North Wales, and the Yorkshire Moors, were on fire in several places, by spontaneous combustion.

Ripe falls the corn throughout the land;
Behold the sturdy mower;
He with the scythe and steady hand
The drooping ears doth lower.
They are a merry tribe I trow,
Who lay the sheaves together,
And they who round the girdle throw
That strive to win the feather.

Ye wealthy owners of the soil,
Grasp not at treasure blindly;
Be lib'ral to the sons of toil,
And treat your cattle kindly;—
They who, subservient to your will,
Watch all your ways of dealing,
They who devote their strength and skill
Will curse a heart unfeeling.

And when the joyful song is raised—
The harvest home is chanted—
Let Him, the bounteous Lord, be praised,
Who hath such plenty granted.
Then let your gates be open thrown,
To welcome in the gleaners:
A courteous smile will win renown,
And check all misdemeanours.

The Plough-Boy's Soliloquy.

Well, Martinmas Hirings are over again,
Cried John, as he trudged at the plough;
I certainly am a poor weak silly swain,
But never could see it till now.

My money has gone; I have nothing to show
For all last year's labour and care
Save this penny gewgaw I bought in my woe,
To keep my poor soul from despair.

Full ten pounds ten shillings I spent at the Crowns,
In riotous Martinmas glee:
I'm growing suspicious about these great towns
And Tim Jolly's prattle to me.

For twelve months I laboured for twelve guineas bright,
Kept time with the lark and the hare;
But where are the angels? there's something not right;
The fox has been caught in a snare.

'Tis all very fine what old Brandyface said,—
His home is a house of great fame;
And all who have money and are not afraid,
Learned or simple, will find him the same.

Ah, yes! but a poor fellow wanting a draw,
Methinks would dine sparingly here;
Such fellows as me, that he calls "Johnny Straw,"
He only wants once in the year.

But I, for the future, must learn to be wise,
And reap from the seed that I sow:
The glittering baubles that dazzled my eyes
Gave pleasure that ended in woe.

So saying he out of his coat pocket drew
The gewgaw he bought at the fair,
And played "Speed the plough," an old air that I knew,
To keep his poor soul from despair.

To J. Hirst, Esq.,

Daisy Hill, near Bradford.

The following letter alludes to the immense fall of rock, in White Nab Bay, near Filey, on the Yorkshire coast, which occurred on Saturday, Jan. 16th, 1869, and was noticed in the local papers.

DEAR JACOB,

Your note and portraits* came to hand;
Accept my thanks; your lines are grand:—
They really have a merry ring,
So charming, lad, they make me sing.
I find, old friend, you are a poet,
But just you don't want folks to know it;
For if the world should get a flitch
They 'll set you up in glory's niche.
But listen, Jacob; lend an ear;
A sad disaster 's happened near:
Be patient with a brother muse,
And listen while I tell the news.
Bold Hornie 's had, some people say,
Another trip to Filey Bay.†
Some folks he 's frightened half to death
And others nearly out of breath:
By his old game of throwing stones
He 's filled the town with fears and groans.
Famed Filey 's had a mighty shock
With many thousand tons of rock,
Driven by one tremendous blow,
And dashed upon the rocks below.
The crash, you may believe, like thunder,
Filled all the spot with fear and wonder.
The Halls of Echo, round the point,
Are thrown for ever out of joint,—

* Postage Stamps. † See "Wayside Blossoms.

Those grots romantic, so delighting—
Those hoary schools for calm inditing—
The favourite resort of sages,
Where bards have penned immortal pages.
Here songsters tried their vocal powers,
And students sought rhetoric flowers;
Here sighing lovers' vows were plighted,
Which smiling damsels' ears delighted.
Those Halls that long have borne the blast,
Whose walls in Nature's mould were cast,
With one loud crash have passed away—
Gigantic now in ruins lay.
Huge overhanging rocks stupendous
Have fallen with a crash tremendous:
Rocks that of time the impress bore
Lie strewn and shattered on the shore.
If Hornie did this shocking deed—
Such games of his we often read—
It may or it may not be so—
No deed's too black for him I trow—
'Tis evident this sulph'rous spark
Does all his mischief in the dark.
On Saturday, ere it was light,
This deed was done, of hellish spite.
If it was Horn, as some folks say,
He left the town before 'twas day.
Doubtless he had not quite forgot
The troubles of his former plot,
When he was worsted in the fray
By Neptune, when he stormed the bay.
Hark! there's a voice above my head
Cries "Don't you mean to come to bed?
Just look! 'tis half-past twelve o'clock."
I'll close the scene; thus ends my stock.
Tell all the folks at Daisy Hill
Bold Filey Brig is standing still.

The Distracted Lover.

He sat in silence, wrapped in gloom;
I watched him from a darkened room,
And listened to his melting sighs,
While gazing on his upturned eyes:
At length his voice the silence broke,
So tremulous I thought he'd choke.
Soliloquising, he began,
"Woe's me, a melancholy man!
I loved her, and I loved sincere;
She still is to my bosom dear.
Silver-haired Sally,
Gem of the valley,
Star of my soul, I am bending before thee!
Love is my theme;
Bliss is my dream;
Angel of light, I must ever adore thee!
Delicious thy breath—'tis the perfume of flowers
When summer winds kiss the sweet lavender bowers
Thy voice to my ear is a musical chime
Of bells, or a soul-melting lute, keeping time!
Silver-haired Sally,
Gem of the valley,
Angel of light, I must ever adore thee,
Silver-haired Sally!"

He ceased; his glowing visage changed;
His head he shook, like one deranged;
Then howled; and, springing to his feet,
In wild despair he left his seat,
And trembling, racked with mad'ning care,
He beat his brow and tore his hair.

"Cajoled," he cried; "mocked and deceived
By her I loved—her I believed:
She who all womankind excelled
Has broke my heart!" He, dancing, yelled,
"Grizzle-haired Sally,
Hag of the valley,
Fiend of my soul, to torture and bore me;
Bliss was my dream;
Hate is my theme;
Demon of night, I for ever ignore thee.
Fascinated I loved; was ensnared by thy wiles;
I courted a serpent; am crushed in its coils.
Thy voice is no longer the music of bells;
Thy breath, oh, my heart! it like phosphorus smells.
Grizzle-haired Sally,
Hag of the valley,
Demon of night, I for ever ignore thee,
Grizzle-haired Sally!"

With whitened face I left the room,
A spectre gliding from the gloom,
And, seizing up a three-legged stool,
I uttered "Idiot! madman! fool!"
And threw the tripod at his head:
He fell, I thought he'd fallen dead.
I, trembling, hastened to his side:
Not dead! his eyes were open wide,
And firmly fixing them on me,
He sang, upon a major key,
As motionless he lay,
"Silver-haired Sally,
Gem of the valley,
She promised she would married be
And then she said me nay!"

The Pride of the Village.

Miss J. A. W. died at Seamer, in January, 1868.

As fair as a lily was sweet pretty Jane;
I remember her glance with a sigh:
On earth her sweet face I shall ne'er see again,
Nor the light of her beautiful eye.

Her voice to my ear was the music of Spring,
For so gentle and pure was the strain
I may hear its tone when the blithe birdies sing,
But shall never behold her again.

Angels came to the earth, in days passed, I am told;
Came to comfort and soothe the oppressed;
She may come in spirit, as they came of old,
A bright angel to cheer the distressed:

For Jenny had learnt, when she wandered below,
A poor mourner's misfortunes to feel;
If she was permitted she would come, I know—
Come some torn bleeding bosom to heal.

The pride of the village was sweet pretty Jane;
She was pure as the lily, and pale:
There stands the old cottage; I view it with pain
Now fair Jenny has gone from the vale.

See, yonder she sleeps, where the wild daisies bloom;
Sadly waves the green grass on her bed;
The white dewy blossoms peep up through the gloom,
Smiling, tell us her spirit hath fled.

Notice.

The following lines allude to the barbarous practise in vogue among the fishermen, when the Author was a fisher-boy, of marking the skate when they had a superabundance, with their initials, and throwing them back into the sea.

Ye jolly fishermen who line*
The Dogger,† in the sea,
Should e'er you catch a fish of mine,
Preserve that fish for me.

You 'll find him not among the cods,
Nor yet among the lings;
His back is free from thorny prods,
And smooth, with sooty wings.

The dusky skate that bears my brand—
"M. H." in glorious scars,
He, all who read may understand,
Has felt the sword of Mars.

Where'er he roams that fish is mine,
Though wide his range may be;
And should he ever take the line
That fish belongs to me.

Madam Busy-Body.

She is a deep designing jade;
Be careful, should you meet her;
She knows the tricks in every trade;
Be mindful how you greet her.

* Long lines with many hooks, used for catching cod, ling, &c.
† A large bank in the German Ocean, off Scarborough.

O trust not to the witching smile
  She treasures for revealing;
Her honeyed lips are clothed with guile;
  Her heart is double-dealing.

She spins a web;—so fine the snare
  Eyes scarcely can perceive it:
Flee the Enchantress; oh! beware,
  Ere she around you weave it.

Entangled once within its folds
  She views her victim, smiling;
And he, alas! too late beholds
  The drift of all her toiling.

Dropt is the Curtain.

The following lines were written Jan. 9th, 1868, on the death of a young husband.

There 's weeping and wailing; a brother is dead:
Oh! comfort the mourner; her earth-star hath fled;
The spoiler* has been, with his poisonous breath;
A victim 's released from his fetters by death.
How sad the bereavement, and hopeless the woe;
There 's none but a widow such anguish can know.
Now slowly the moments move on in the gloom,
For dropt is the curtain and darkened the room.

Cold lies the clay; and a frail form, in sorrow,
Bends o'er her loved one and thinks of the morrow.
Morrow will dawn, but the spirit 's departed;
Though burdened with grief she is still noble-hearted.
"'Tis the will of my God," she submissively sighed;
"I still am his child; He 'll support me and guide.
Oh! leave me in silence; 'tis sacred the gloom,
For dropt is the curtain and darkened the room.

* Typhus Fever.

See! what are they doing—those angels of light,
For yonder I see them, in raiment of white?
They 're tuning their harps on the heavenly plains;
Enraptured I list to their seraphic strains!
They 're singing a welcome to one ever dear,—
To my soul when on earth, but no longer he 's here.
This is but a wreck, that I see midst the gloom,
For dropt is the curtain and darkened the room.

I loved, oh! I loved: my idol is shattered;
All the fond hopes I have cherished are scattered:
But one consolation—'tis still mine to know
A spirit above waits a spirit below.
Soon we shall meet, though my earth-joys are blighted,
Meet in the sky; be for ever united;
And though this poor body must waste in the tomb,
The spirit, undying, in heaven will bloom."

The Fly and the Spider.

A little fly, as I 've been told,
Once flew into a dairy;
The door, the weather not being cold,
Was left ajar by Mary.

And while she 'd gone to milk the cows,
That were about her browsing,
Beneath the fragrant hawthorn boughs,
The fly was there carousing.

But as she cruised about the place,
She saw a dusky spider
Put from a hole his saucy face,
Just by the bowl beside her.

The fly no longer made so free,
His looks had so distressed her;
"Come, pretty creature, come and see!"
The spider thus addressed her;

"I am an artist, by the way;
Known as the busy spinner;
But yet some naughty people say
I am a subtle ginner.

My lace is of the choicest kind—
Will bear a close inspection;
The pattern 's cleverly designed,
To cause a great attraction.

Come, sit beneath this curtain, dear,"
Thus cried the wily spider,
"And then you 'll see how very queer
I work to make it wider."

"Nay," quoth the fly, "a mother's care
Taught me to shun all danger,
And never trust a gaudy snare,
Nor yet a flatt'ring stranger."

War.

The following lines were written after reading an account of the Battle of Woerth.

Ah! would the strife was over,
That Peace would come to reign,
And War no more would cover
The green sod with her slain:
How sad to me the story
Of war's dread overthrow;
I would not have the glory
Bought by a widow's woe.

To me the war-drum's rattle
  Yields not a pleasing thrill;
It 'minds me of the battle,
  When passions rage to kill:
When, bent on desolation,
  An armed host unite,
And nation strives with nation
  To conquer in the fight.

See there! with sword and rifle,
  They march, and charge, and fall;
Oh, God! is man a trifle?
  A target for a ball?
Must hearts be torn asunder,
  The orphan's bread denied,
To fill the world with wonder,
  And glut a nation's pride?

While men are vengeance seeking
  Where deadly cannons roar,
How many hearts are breaking
  For friends they 'll see no more:
How dreadful is the slaughter
  When war inflicts the pains;
And blood is shed like water
  Upon the burning plains.

If 'tis the will of heaven
  That men should dwell in peace,
Man has the power given
  To bid war's horrors cease.
Come, Peace, and reign for ever;
  Unite love's broken chain;
That war may cease, and never
  Pollute the earth again.

Adieu!

Written on leaving Ramsgate, November 10th, 1844.

The morning breaks, I haste away;
Far o'er the billows roam;
Reluctant, yet my lips must say
"Adieu, my native home!"

But what adds torture to the smart—
We ne'er may meet again;
The dearest tie that binds my heart
Must now be rent in twain.

Sleep, sister, sleep! my parting sigh
Shall not disturb thy rest;
Too soon the tear will dim thine eye,
And sorrow wring thy breast.

But fate decrees, I must obey;
And far from Fanny roam:
"Farewell! I can no longer stay—
Adieu, my native home!"

Sweet Isabel.

(By request.)

The dew of the morning
The rose was adorning,
The birds sweetly sang in the moss-covered dell,
When lonely I wandered
And silently pondered
Upon the rare charms of my sweet Isabel.

I gathered her posies,
Of cowslips and roses;
Their beauties were radiant, all wet with the dew:
With heart all devotion,
And voice all emotion,
I whispered "Fair Issy, this posy 's for you.

Oh! Issy, my charmer,—
My soul's fond alarmer,—
Your glances bewitching I cannot withstand;
If you would but marry,
And call me your Harry,
I some day will make you the queen of the land."

I thought no one near me
Could there overhear me,
My love was a secret I guarded full well:
Young lovers be wary,
You 've heard of the fairy,
Here one, breathing softly, said "Harry, I 'll tell!"

The music was charming,
But rather alarming;
I gazed round, astonished, but nothing could see;
Then said, "I 'll be going,
There 's some one means 'blowing,'
But where that one hides is a puzzle to me."

With head rather dizzy
I sought my sweet Issy,
Presented the posy I 'd culled in the dell;
Then told her my story,
And she, in her glory,
Said, "Harry, your fairy was my sister Nell!"

Now lovers be wary,
Blithe Nell is a fairy,
She walks among roses that bloom in the dell;
When no one is near ye
She may overhear ye,
And if you breathe secrets be sure she will tell.

King Frost.

Thoughts suggested by the beautiful appearance of the trees and hedges, caused by the frost of January 4th, 1871.

Come roam with me the mansion through
And see what old King Frost can do:—
He's been at work;—his magic hand
Has scattered beauties through the land;
He's drawn such pictures with his rime
That all who see must own sublime;
Filled all the window panes with leaves,
And hung bright pendants from the eaves;
He's crystalised the outer door;
The rugged street's a marble floor.

Come roam with me to fairy ground;
The forest trees with gems are crowned;
The brawling brooks with crystals glow;
The languid streams no longer flow;
The wavy lake is silvered o'er,
Its rippling voice is heard no more,
Its shrubs, bereft of leaves and blooms,
Are all arrayed in feath'ry plumes;
The hills are clouds of glowing white;
The rills are flowers of dazzling light.

Come roam with me the ivied grots
Where bloomed the sweet forget-me-nots;
By old King Frost, for some wise cause,
They 're all trimmed up with spangled gauze.
Each fretted roof with chandeliers
And glitt'ring tapestry appears;
The grassy dells where daisies grew,
With mossy cushions gem'd with dew,
Are overspread with carpets white;
Bedecked with diamonds pure and bright.

Come roam with me where silence reigns,
And view the fleecy hills and plains:
No voice is there of brook or breeze
To shake the silv'ry-foliaged trees;
Pearls glow upon their downy arms;
Their fingers shine with magic charms;
The groves, which Sol in summer warmed,
By old King Frost are all transformed;
The ruthless storm-fiend crushed the bowers,
He 's filled them all with icy flowers.

Come roam with me to yonder glen,
Where dwelt the golden-crested wren:
It glows with white enamelled walls;
Its cascade plays in glassy halls,
With glitt'ring spires of rainbow dyes,
And turrets dazzling to the eyes;
Exquisite sculpture here you 'll find
Excelling all by man designed;
Such scenes fantastic, chaste, and grand,
King Frost displays in fairy land.

Come Along!

"Come along! come along!"
This should be the Christian's song:—
They who walk the narrow way
That leads on to endless day;
They who 've travelled life for years;
Passed through sorrows, sighs, and tears;
Proved how transient are its joys;
Proved how worthless are its toys;
And, by sage experience, know
All is vanity below.
They can sing what saints have sung
To the aged and the young:—
"Come along! come along!
Here our journey won't be long:
Come along! come along!"

"Come along! come along!"
This should ever be their song:—
They who seek their home on high—
Have their treasure in the sky—
Which, through God's redeeming love,
They by faith behold above,
Where the amaranthine bowers
Glow with ever-radiant flowers;
Where the pilgrims, truly blest,
Share the saints' eternal rest.
Follow! friends who 've passed away
Beckon; fancy hears them say,—
"Come along! come along!
There your journey won't be long:
Come along! come along!"

"Come along! come along!"
They can sing the cheering song
Who have bid the world adieu,—
Have the glorious land in view.
Marching on with steady pace
Ever heavenward is their face.
All their words and actions show
They are pilgrims here below;
Filled with holy zeal and love,
Marching to their home above,
In the strength of faith they're strong;
Soul-inspiring is their song:—
"Come along! come along!
Here our journey won't be long:
Come along! come along!"

"Come along! come along!"
This should ever be our song.
Patient here awhile we roam;
Every step we're nearer home.
We have passed through valleys deep;
Over rugged mountains steep.
Dangers passed are troubles o'er;
There are trials on before.
Bear the cross; to wear the crown
We must lay this body down:—
Leave earth's treasures with our breath;
Cross the dismal sea of death;
Join the blessed—a glorious throng;
Share their joys and sing their song.
"Come along! come along!
Here our journey won't be long:
Come along! come along!"

To a Critical Friend.

Sent with a copy of "Wayside Blossoms."

Dear friend here's a posy of blossoms for you;
You often have sat by the bank where they grew;
But having a knowledge, I know, of the seeds,
I fear you'll pronounce it a posy of weeds.

You know I'm accustomed to roam the wild bowers;
As well, too, you know I've a fancy for flowers;
But don't be sarcastic, and turn up your nose,
If you in my posy can not find a rose.

This posy of blossoms was culled from the hill,
And carefully trimmed by the Holderness* mill:
Some say they are pretty; of one thing I'm sure—
If they've any beauty, that beauty is pure.

In colour some may not be pleasing to all;
And some to the taste are as bitter as gall;
But others you'll find of a warm spicy species;
Accept them, dear Sir, but don't pull them to pieces.

To a Robin.

Sing, merry bird, upon the bough;
Keen blows the wint'ry blast;
You seem as well as me to know
The storm will soon be past.

* The book was printed by Mr. Holderness, of Driffield.

But dreary looks the sky today;
Fast falls the fleecy snow;
The sun gives not one cheering ray;
And all is gloom below.

The wind sighs through the naked trees,
With sad and solemn moan;
A bird like you I'm sure would freeze
To stand there long alone.

Your song to me is doubly sweet:—
It bids me play my part;
And, battling on through snow and sleet,
To keep a noble heart.

If you, a bird, so small a thing,
Exposed to wind and rain,
Can perch upon the trees and sing
Then how can I complain?

Like you, I'll make the best of life,
And raise a cheerful song:
Though fierce may be the wint'ry strife
The storm will not be long.

Our Jim's got Wed.

On the marriage of Mr. J. C., of Driffield, in 1869.

Our Jim's got wed! our Jim's got wed!
The bird has plumed his wings and fled!
I told the lasses he would go,
Although they said our Jim was slow.

Well, lads will court; and girls, tho' shy,
When asked to wed, will not deny;
For every Jan there is a Joe;
It ever was and will be so.

I wish him well with all my heart,
And her he calls his "better part:"
For now, whatever wind may blow,
They 'll have to face it, high or low.

I told him if he 'd happy be
A man and wife should both agree;
If one says "Yes" the other "No,"
Soon love would end in bitter woe.

They started with a pleasant gale;
I hope the breeze will never fail:
For, long or short the trip, I trow,
Affection in each heart should glow.

They 've signed the matrimonial deed;
To tie the knot they both agreed:
Speed, Fame, and loud your trumpet blow—
Let all the smiling maidens know

Our Jim 's got wed! our Jim 's got wed!
The bird has plumed his wings and fled!
I told the lasses he would go,
Although they said our Jim was slow.

A Dialogue.

"I 'm forty-six today, dame;
Yes forty-six today;
And still a candidate for fame—
A candidate, hurray!
My head is growing bald, dame;
My eyes are growing dim;
And still a candidate for fame—
Oh, what a glorious whim!"

"Here, take this tripod, do, sire;
You well become a stool;
And sit you down beside the fire,
Then you shall have it cool.
Now tell me all you know, sire;
You 'd have me think you wise,
But there 's more wisdom in that fire,
More light than in your eyes."

"Oh, shame upon your face, dame,
To treat a poet so;
For know this heart is all in flame,
Whatever wind may blow!
'Excelsior' is the rod, dame,
That stirs ambition's fire,
And spurs a candidate for fame
To sing and never tire."

"What bosh you talk today, sire;
You 're growing old and strange:
Will fame win fuel for the fire,
Or polish for the range?
Your airy castles bright, sire,
Are only built to fall;
Much better seek to feed your fire
And warm your cottage wall."

"Oh! would you have me die, dame,
Among the crowd to rot;
I who, a votary for fame,
Should never be forgot;—
But placed in glory's niche, dame,
To be adored by sages,
My name be trumpeted by Fame
To future unborn ages."

"Hold, hold! you've said enough, sire;
I beg you will refrain;
The pot with laughter's slacked the fire;
The muse has cracked your brain;
Not all the fame on earth, sire,
Can charm a body dead;
Nor gas poetic feed the fire,
Nor make a loaf of bread!"

Beautiful Stream.

The stream alluded to is the river Derwent, which runs through Forge Valley, near Scarborough.

Beautiful stream of the valley,
Glitter and ripple away,
On, while the swift swallows sally,
As through the meadows you stray.
Willows are gracefully swaying
Over the moss-covered lea;
With your bright tresses they're playing
As you glide on to the sea:—

On, where the woodbine's perfuming
Fairy grots shaded with trees,—
Where the wild roses are blooming,
Rocked by the soft zephyr breeze:
On, by the tall fir trees waving,
Where the bright buttercups glow;
With your sweet silver lips laving
Banks where the fair daisies blow:—

Through the wood, where the primroses
  Smile in their choicest array;
Where the pale lily reposes,
  Screened from the broad glare of day:—
On, through the meadow, gay smiling;
  On, by the old water-mill;
With your sweet music beguiling
  Lovers who wander at will.

Beautiful stream of the valley,
  Glitter and ripple away:—
On, while the swift swallows sally,
  As through the meadows you stray:
Willows are gracefully swaying
  Over the moss-covered lea;
With your bright tresses they 're playing
  As you glide on to the sea.

On the Death of a Child.

She 's gone to her Father above,
  He 's beckoned her up to the sky,
To share in the glory and love,
  Of saints in the city on high.

To join with the angels in light,
  Surrounding the throne of their King;
To walk with the ransomed in white;
  With bright beaming seraphs to sing.

She is freed from her cumbrous clay,
  For ever an angel to reign;
Her tears are all wiped away,
  She 'll never know sorrow again.

Then why should we murmur and pine
Since Jenny, by sickness opprest,
Has gone to her Saviour divine,
To share in his glory and rest.

The Blood-Bought Wreath.

The fair goddess Fame twined a gold laurel wreath,
Encircled with diamonds of beauty and size;
The motto around it was "Power or death,"
And he who could win it in power should rise.

The monarchs of earth, as competitors, came,
Determined to win it, whatever the price;
Regardless of honour, religion, or shame,
The wreath should be won at the fall of a dice.

The bidding began, amid tumult and strife,
The burning of cities, the cannon's loud roar,
The clashing of swords in the struggle for life,
The shrieks of the homeless and parentless poor.

The battle raged on, tens of thousands were slain,
And hundreds of thousands were mad in despair;
The once happy homes on the hill and the plain
Were shattered, the fields were all trodden and bare.

The laurel was won at the fall of the dice,
The winner for ever an emperor crowned;
But 'twas won at so horrid and bloody a price
That the angels of light on the diadem frowned.

The Poet's Pilgrimage Ended.

The minstrel's grown weary,
And lame his Pegasus;
The fogs gather dreary
Around steep Parnassus;
The sun is declining;
Fast hastens the gloaming;
And no star is shining;
There's danger in roaming.

Blithe-hearted, in childhood,
He set out from streamland,
And, roaming the wild-wood,
He wandered to dreamland;
He viewed the bright mountain,
In fancy's beams glowing;
And sipt of its fountain,
The evil not knowing.

The draught was inspiring;
A fervour came o'er him;
He climbed up, untiring,
The rough road before him;
But, as he ascended,
The mountain grew steeper;
With peril attended,
The chasms yawned deeper.

Surrounded with dangers,
Satiric winds blowing,
And sarcastic strangers
Their winged darts throwing,

He strove not to rally,
  Though, low be it spoken,
He returned to the valley;
  His harp strings were broken.

The pilgrimage over,
  He 's one of the number
Who never recover
  From apathy's slumber;
For many, aspiring,
  Set out soul-delighted,
But on some crag, tiring,
  They slumber benighted.

At the foot of the mountain,
  With locks thin and hoary,
By Castalia's fountain
  Of fabulous story,
Lies the minstrel unheeded,
  A stone for his pillow,
His harp, no more needed,
  Hangs mute on the willow.

The End.

T. Holderness, Printer, Driffield.

BOUND
BY
LEIGHTON
SON
AND
HODGE